



52 PAGES OF ADVENTURE COMICS

FEB. No. 4 10¢

# JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME



**JACK AND HIS FRIENDS**  
discover dangerous adventure in the  
**LAND OF THE LEOPARD MEN!**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

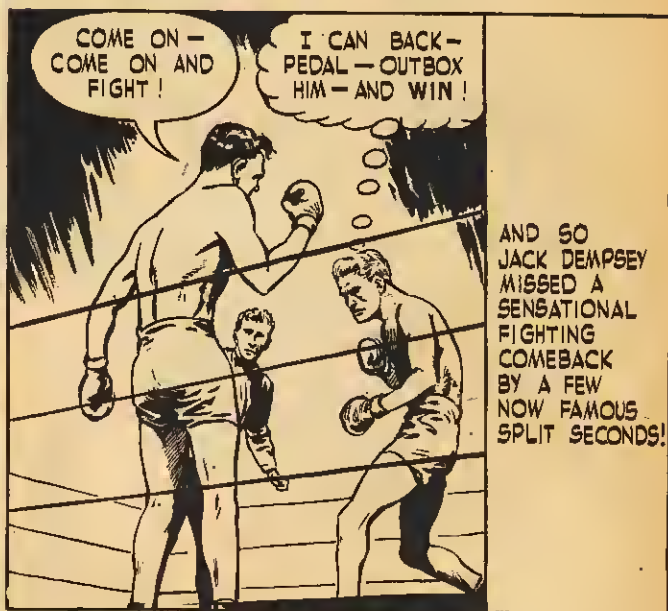
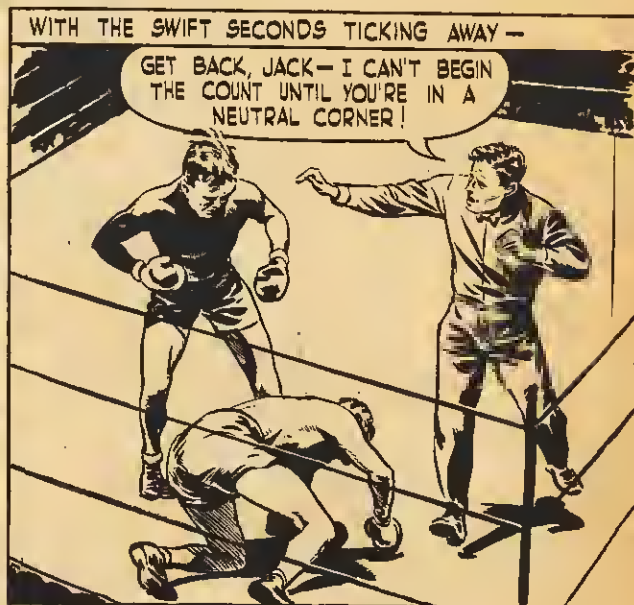


# Famous

# SPLIT-SECONDS IN Sports!



**JACK DEMPSEY** held the world's heavyweight championship from July 4, 1919 to September 3, 1926. His knockout victims toppled like tenpins. For seven years Jack reigned supreme. But on one rainy night at Philadelphia, in September, 1926, the battering ex-marine Gene Tunney lifted the aging Dempsey's crown. One year later, Jack-the-Giant-Killer came roaring back for one last crack at the title. At Chicago, September, 1927, before a record crowd, Tunney out-boxed the ex-champion for six rounds. Then, as Round Seven began—  
**THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED . . .**



## JACK ARMSTRONG

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**GEORGE J. HECHT**, President  
**ELLIOTT A. CAPLIN**, Publisher  
**KENNETH L. HALL**, Executive Editor

Associate Art Directors  
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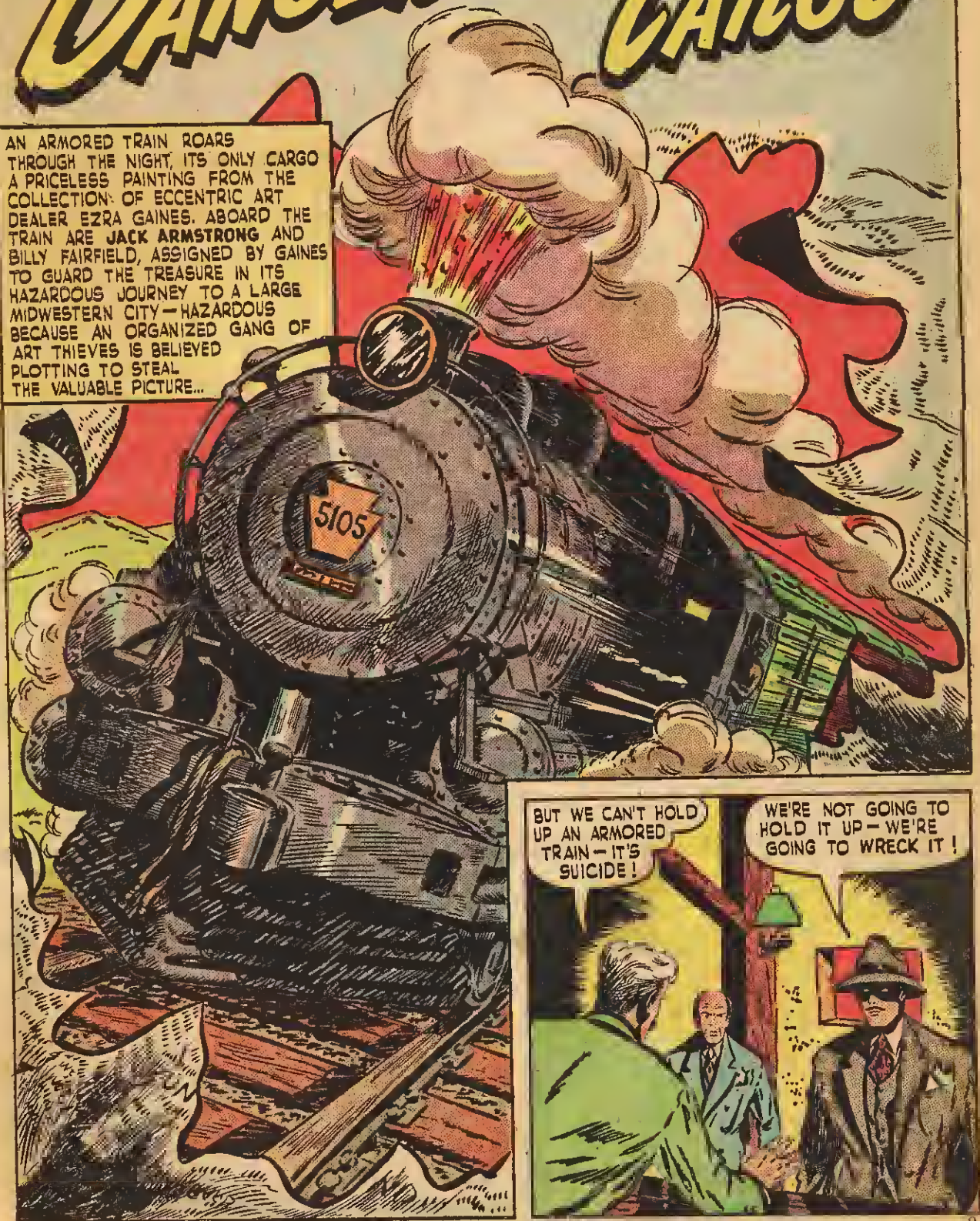
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A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

# DANGEROUS CARGO

AN ARMORED TRAIN ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT, ITS ONLY CARGO A PRICELESS PAINTING FROM THE COLLECTION OF ECCENTRIC ART DEALER EZRA GAINES. ABOARD THE TRAIN ARE JACK ARMSTRONG AND BILLY FAIRFIELD, ASSIGNED BY GAINES TO GUARD THE TREASURE IN ITS HAZARDOUS JOURNEY TO A LARGE MIDWESTERN CITY—HAZARDOUS BECAUSE AN ORGANIZED GANG OF ART THIEVES IS BELIEVED PLOTTING TO STEAL THE VALUABLE PICTURE...

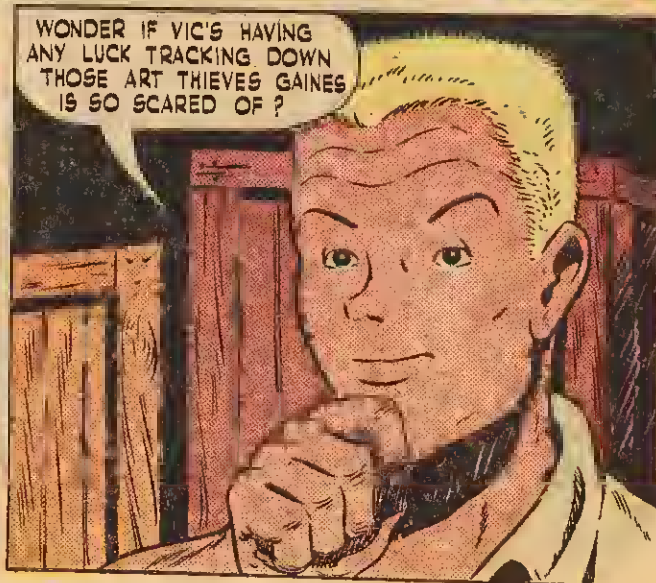


BUT WE CAN'T HOLD UP AN ARMORED TRAIN—IT'S SUICIDE!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO HOLD IT UP—WE'RE GOING TO WRECK IT!





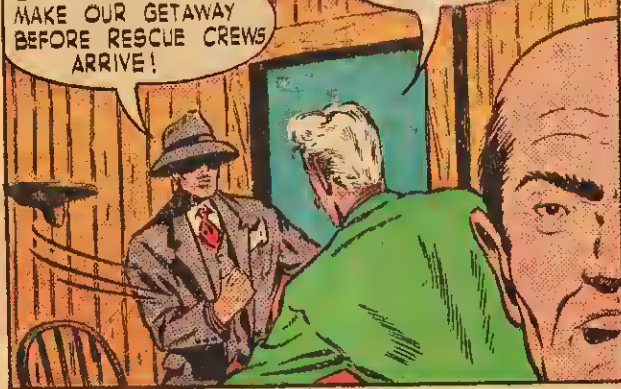




MEANWHILE, IN A SHACK ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE STREAMLINER, THREE MEN COMPLETE THEIR PLANS...

GOT IT? WE'LL MOVE IN FAST AFTER THE CRASH - GRAB THE PAINTING - MAKE OUR GETAWAY BEFORE RESCUE CREWS ARRIVE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS GUY, HARDY?

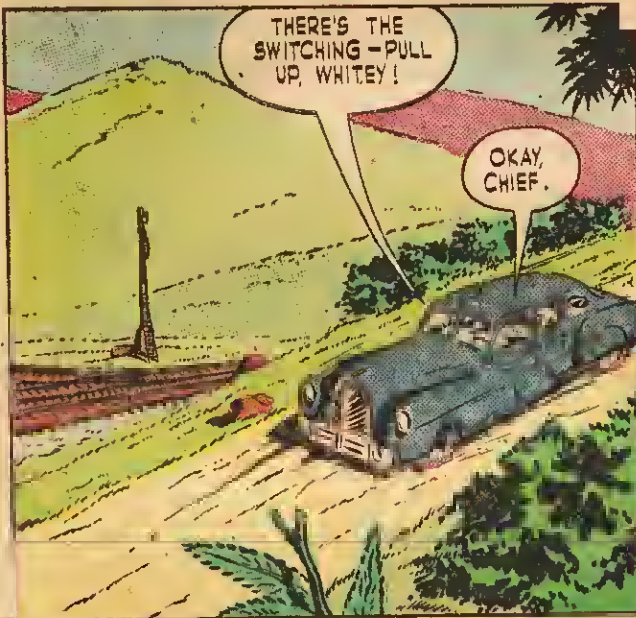


I TOLD YOU BEFORE - WE DITCHED HIM TWO DAYS AGO! NOW LET'S GET GOING -



THERE'S THE SWITCHING - PULL UP, WHITEY!

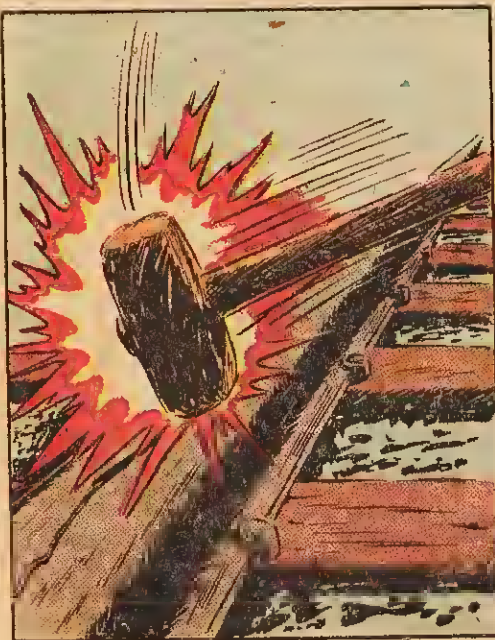
OKAY, CHIEF.



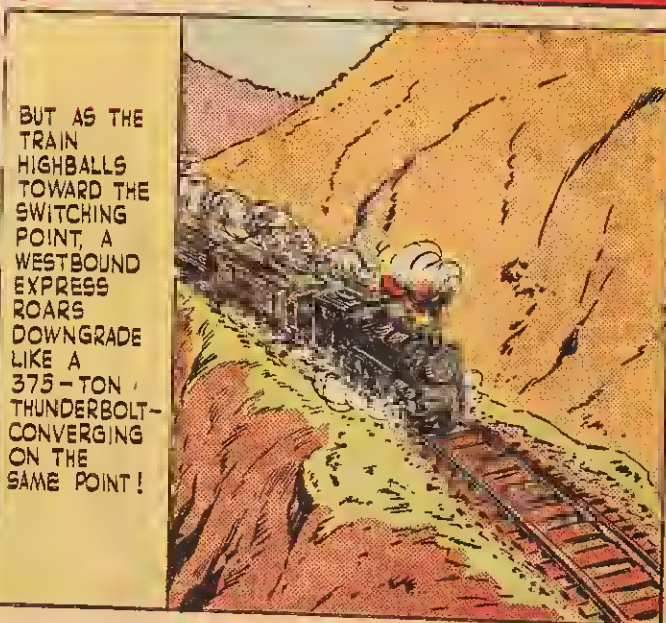
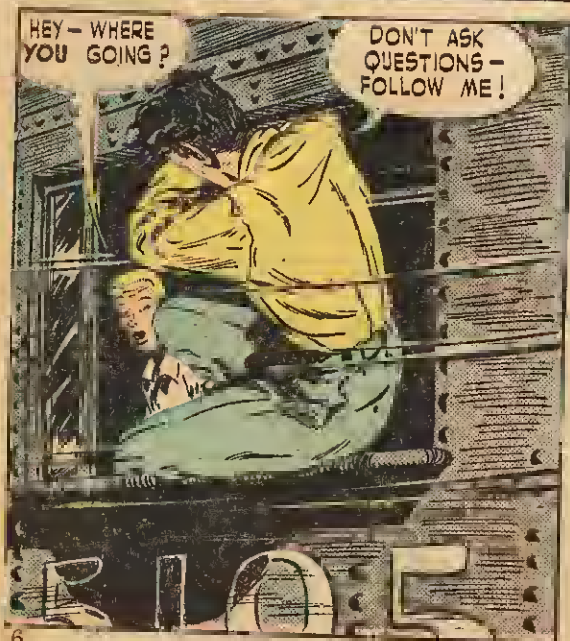
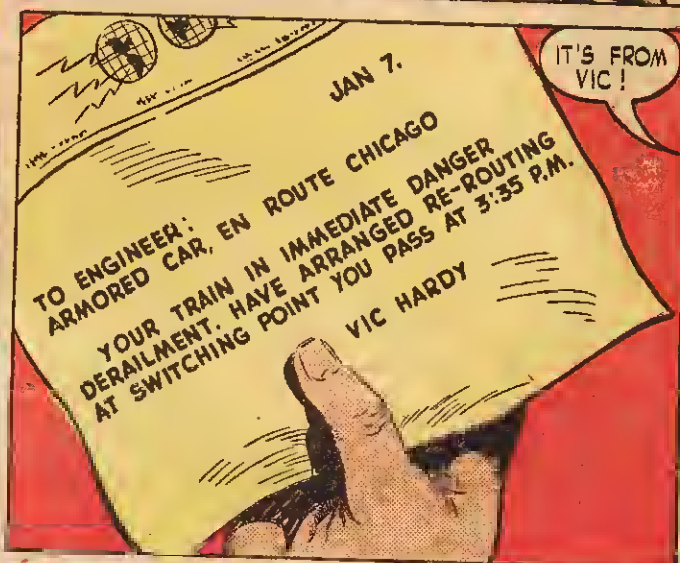
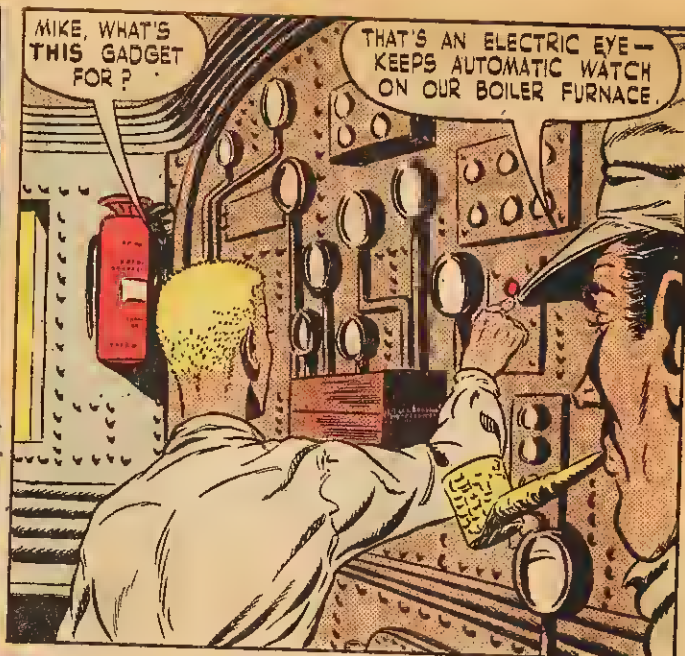
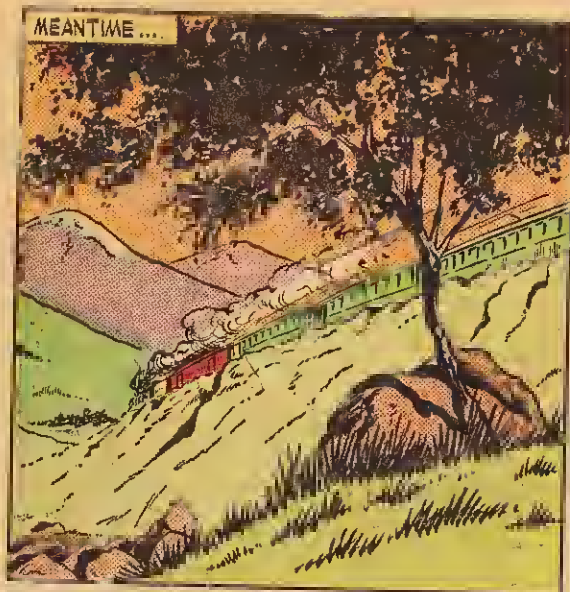
ALL RIGHT, WHITEY - GIVE IT THE HAMMER!



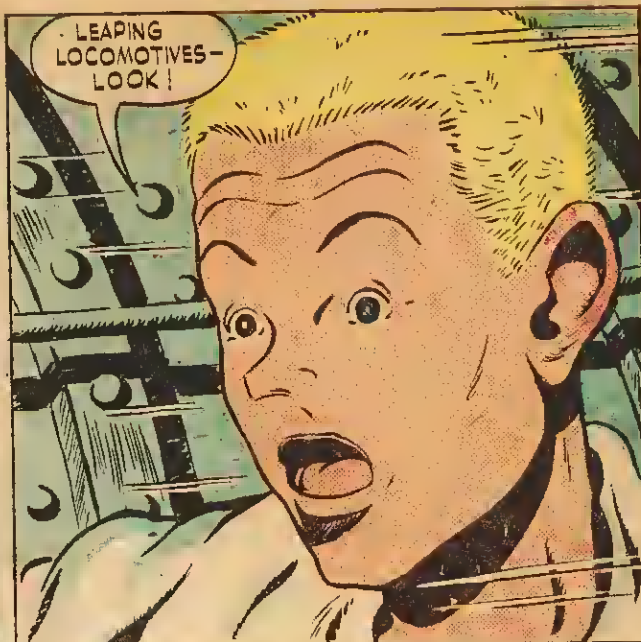
NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS WAIT HERE TILL 3:35...



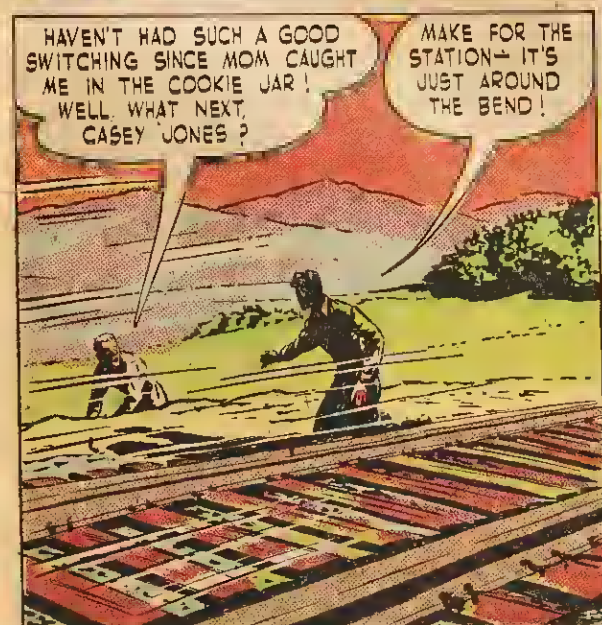








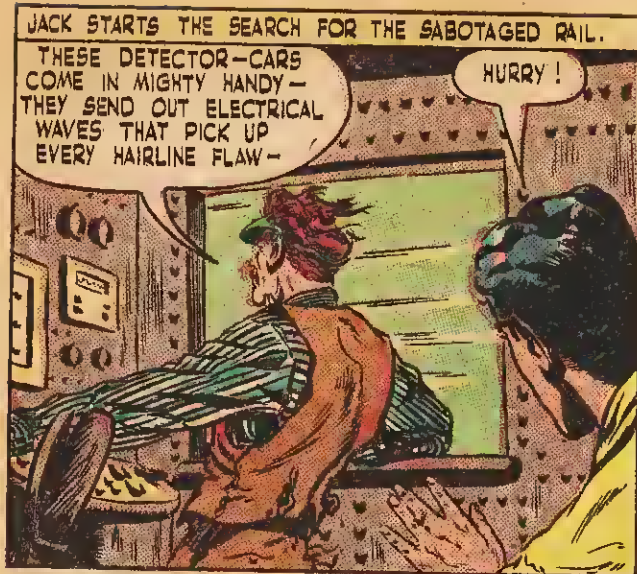
SPLIT-SECONDS BEFORE THE WESTBOUND EXPRESS ROARS BY THE ARMORED TRAIN CROSSES THE SWITCHING POINT, AND -



MAKE FOR THE STATION - IT'S JUST AROUND THE BEND!

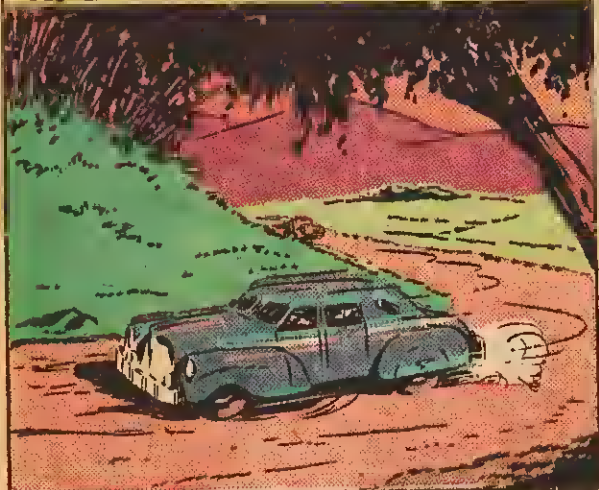




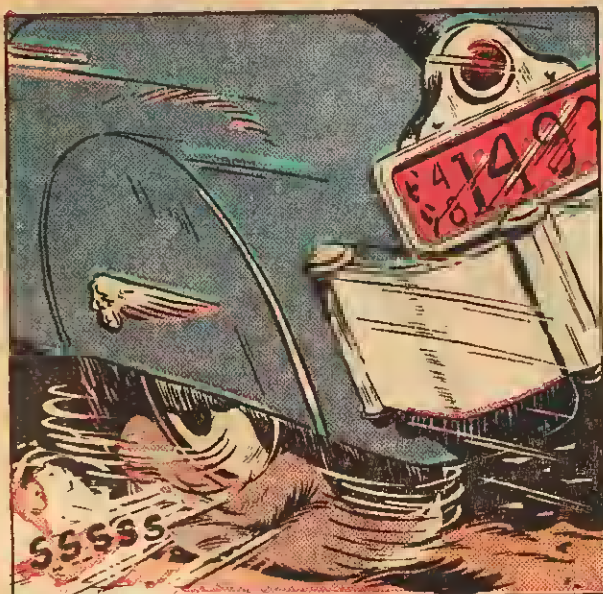
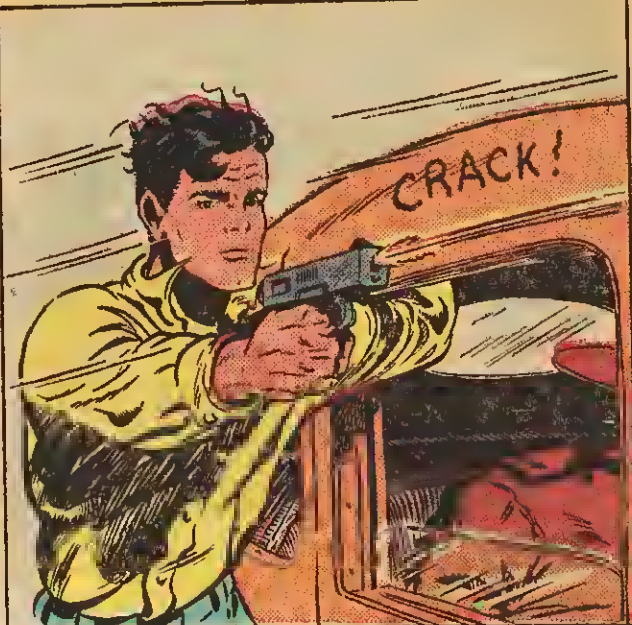




THE GETAWAY CAR CAREENS CRAZILY IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SHAKE OFF PURSUIT —

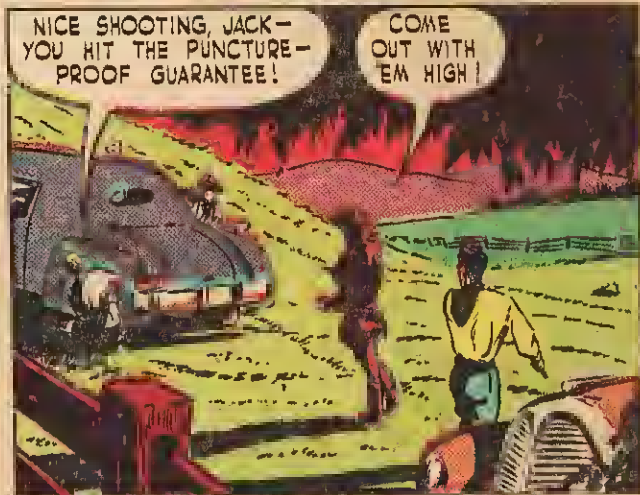


—AND SLOWLY BEGINS TO PULL AWAY FROM THE SMALLER CAR, WHEN SUDDENLY —



NICE SHOOTING, JACK — YOU HIT THE PUNCTURE — PROOF GUARANTEE!

COME OUT WITH 'EM HIGH!



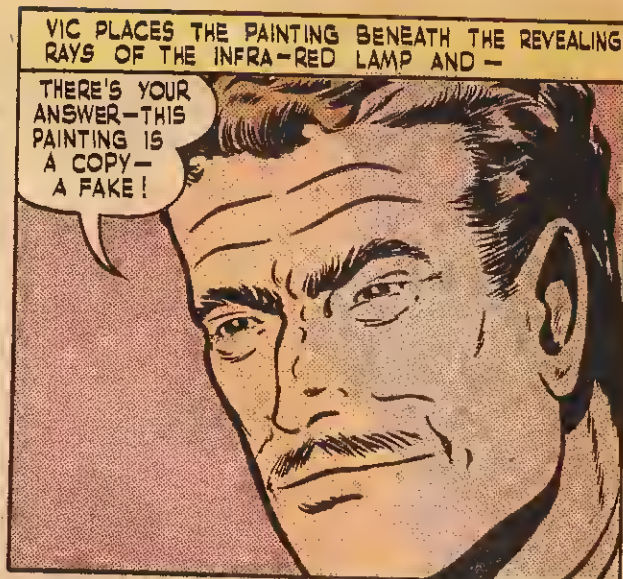
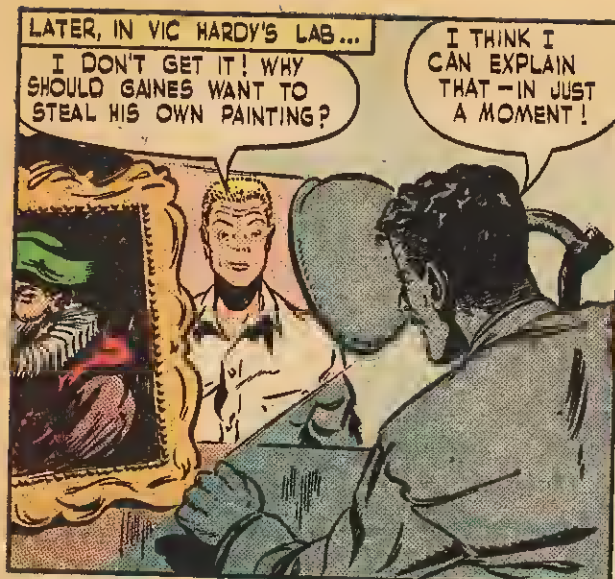
TAKE OFF THAT MASK, MISTER — THE MASQUERADE IS OVER!



WELL, PAINT MY PICTURE AND CALL ME BLUE BOY — THAT'S EZRA GAINES, THE GUY WHO OWNS THE PAINTING!









## SPORTS CHAMPS

# RALPH BEARD

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

VOTED 1947'S PLAYER OF THE YEAR BY FOREMOST COACHES AND SPORTS WRITERS, RALPH BEARD IS RATED ONE OF THE SPEEDIEST COURT MEN IN THE COUNTRY. IN HIS FIRST YEAR OF COLLEGE BASKETBALL, RALPH RAN AWAY WITH ALL-SEVENTEENTH HONORS BY SCORING 279 POINTS ON 111 FIELD GOALS AND 57 FREE THROWS. IT IS SIGNIFICANT OF BEARD'S GREAT DEFENSIVE ABILITY THAT HE IS ALWAYS ASSIGNED TO GUARD THE MOST DANGEROUS OFFENSIVE PLAYER OF THE OPPOSING TEAM. HE HAS SPARKED HIS TEAM TO VICTORY IN SEVERAL COURT GAMES AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.



RALPH'S HIGH SCHOOL RECORD PROVES HIS ABILITY: AS CAPTAIN AND GUARD IN HIS SENIOR YEAR AT MALE HIGH, LOUISVILLE, HE SCORED 509 POINTS. HE WAS NAMED ALL-KENTUCKY GUARD IN HIS JUNIOR AND SENIOR YEARS. WHEN HIS TEAM WON THE KENTUCKY STATE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE 1944-45 SEASON, BEARD SCORED 14 POINTS TO CAPTURE TOP-SCORING HONORS IN THE INDIANA-KENTUCKY ALL-STAR GAME. RALPH STANDS 5-11 AND TIPS THE SCALES AT 168 POUNDS.



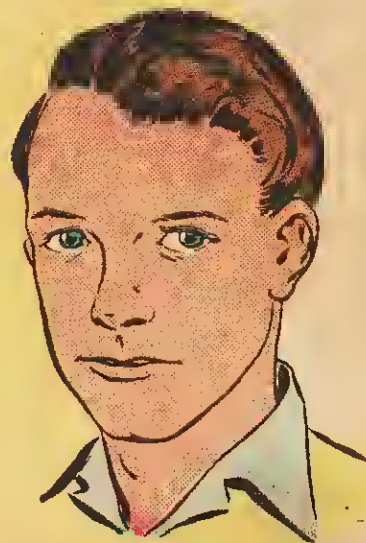


# JACK ARMSTRONG MAGAZINE **ALL-AMERICAN AWARD**

Based on information  
from the American  
Red Cross

**J**AMES W. (J.W.) THOMPSON of LeGrand, California, saved his twelve-year-old brother, Duane, from electrocution by a high-voltage wire. The JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE MAGAZINE takes pride in presenting "J.W." the medal illustrated above engraved with his name and the date of his act of heroism. He will also be privileged to choose a shut-in youngster who will receive a free one-year subscription to this magazine.

"J.W." received his Red Cross First Aid Certificate in December, 1945. Two years later, the lessons he learned in achieving that Certificate helped him save the life of his brother, Duane, as the youngster lay unconscious on the ground, clutching a roll of wire attached to a kite that had become entangled in a high-voltage wire . . .

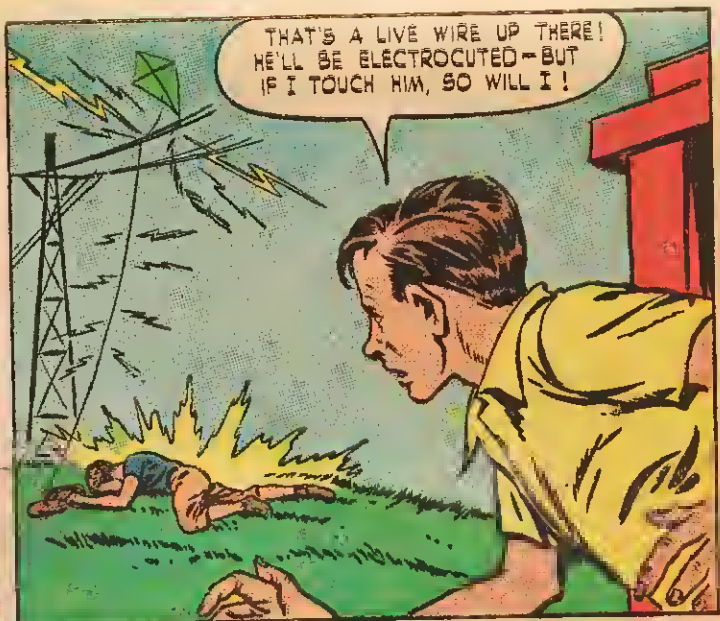


It all began in the Thompson's back yard when young Duane was flying his kite . . .

## **THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED-**







AND SO, FOR HIS SKILL AND COURAGE, JAMES "J.W." THOMPSON RECEIVES THIS MONTH'S JACK ARMSTRONG ALL-AMERICAN AWARD!






# Vic Hardy's

# CRIME LAB

## THE CASE OF THE BROKEN HEADLIGHT



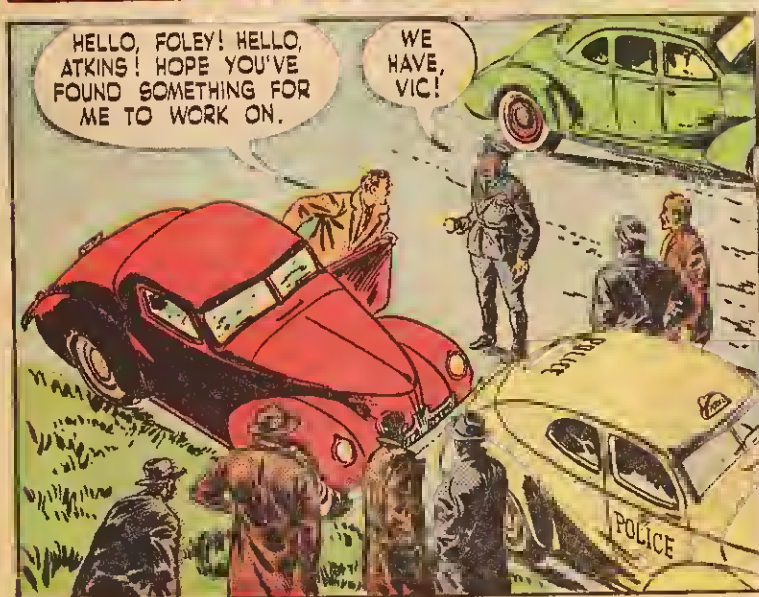
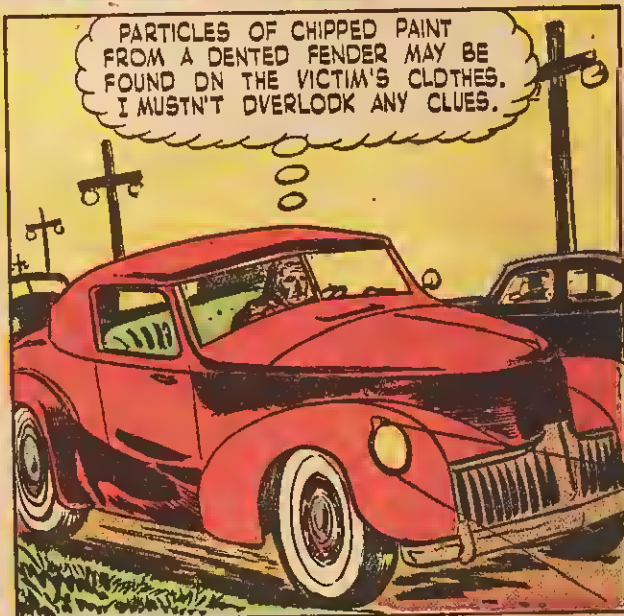
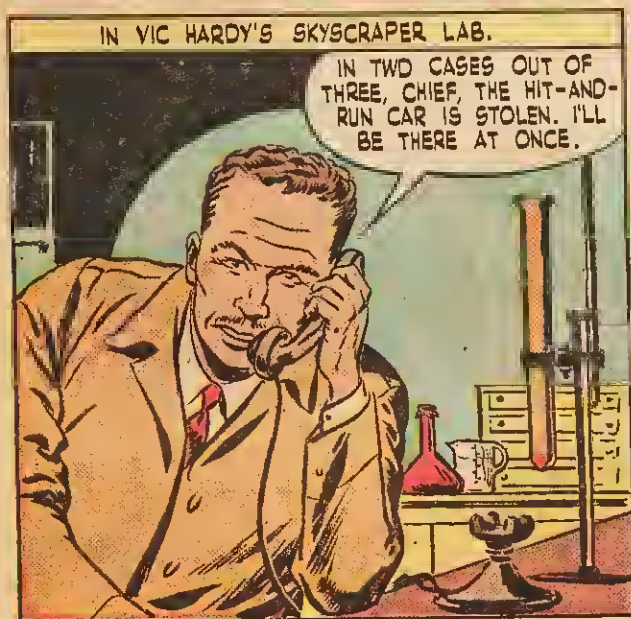
**VIC HARDY SAYS:**  
"FEW CRIMINALS ARE MORE  
CONTEMPTIBLE—OR STUPID—  
THAN THE HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER.  
HE HADN'T A CHANCE OF ESCAPING  
THE LAW BECAUSE SCIENTIFIC CRIME  
DETECTION MAKES HIS CAPTURE—  
TO USE A GRIM JEST—A DEAD  
CERTAINTY. TAKE THAT RECENT  
HIT-AND-RUN CASE NEAR THE  
STATE LINE..."

DID YOU GET THE  
LICENSE NUMBER OF THE  
HIT-AND-RUN CAR,  
MR. AMES?

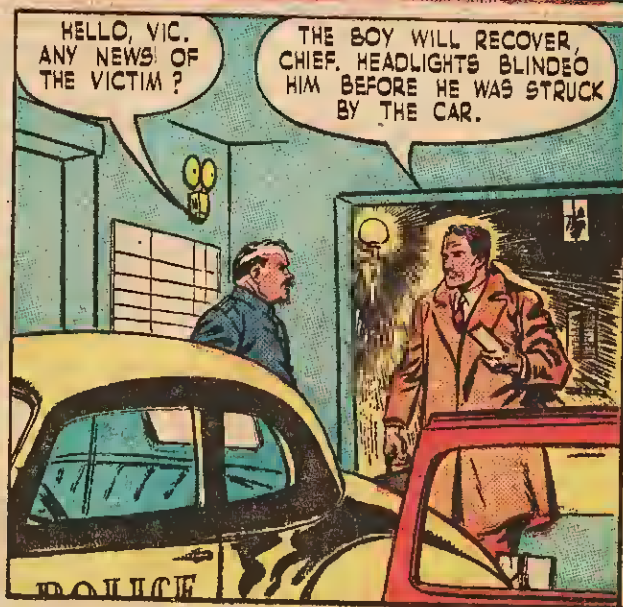
NO, BUT IT WAS  
A '47 SEDAN THAT  
STRUCK MY BODY.

A PIECE OF HEADLAMP  
LENS AND FRESH TIRE-MARKS!  
I'LL RADIO HEADQUARTERS  
FOR VIC HARDY.

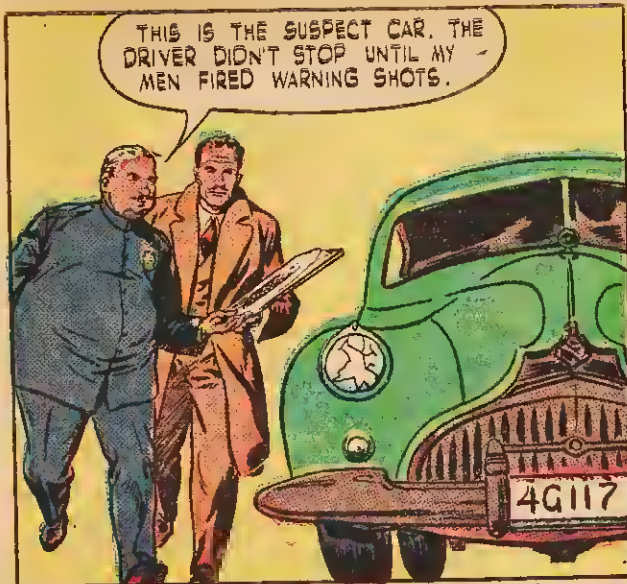












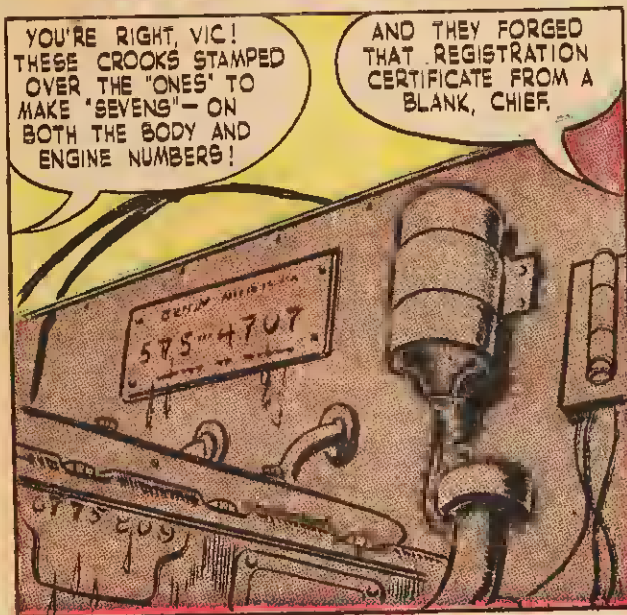
THIS IS THE SUSPECT CAR. THE DRIVER DIDN'T STOP UNTIL MY MEN FIRED WARNING SHOTS.



VIC GOES INTO ACTION -

THIS ACID WILL BRING OUT ANY CHANGES MADE IN THE SERIAL NUMBER STAMPED ON THIS PLATE.

STATE POLICE REPORT A '47 SEDAN STOLEN LAST NIGHT IN BRIDGEPORT. HERE ARE THE SERIAL NUMBERS.



YOU'RE RIGHT, VIC! THESE CROOKS STAMPED OVER THE "ONES" TO MAKE "SEVENS" - ON BOTH THE BODY AND ENGINE NUMBERS!

AND THEY FORGED THAT REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE FROM A BLANK, CHIEF.



THE GLASS FOUND AT THE SCENE MATCHES PERFECTLY THE PIECES FROM THE SHATTERED HEADLAMP.

AND YOUR CAST SHOWS THE EXACT PATTERN OF THE TIRE TREADS. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LICENSE PLATES, VIC?



THIS IS A COMPOSITE, MADE BY WELDING THREE SECTIONS OF PLATES!

THOSE CROOKS DIDN'T MISS A TRICK!



WITH ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU'VE FOUND, VIC, THAT PAIR WILL PLEAD GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS.

I'LL BE GLAD TO TESTIFY AT THEIR TRIAL, CHIEF. THESE MEN ALMOST STOLE A LIFE AS WELL AS A CAR!

NEXT ISSUE, VIC HARDY SOLVES THE CASE OF THE RED-HEADED HI-JACKER!



VIC HARDY'S

# CRIME CLUES

A mystery  
for YOU to  
solve!



The only clues I had to work on were the time of the robbery—2:35 on a Saturday—and a vague description of the robber.



Burns, the first suspect I questioned, told me, "Sure, I remember the date. My wife was operated on for appendicitis. I was at the hospital from noon till nine P. M."



Carter remembered everything. "I slept till noon, had breakfast in a diner, got a shave in a barber shop, played billiards with three pals, then took my gal to a show."



Drake was nervous and sullen. I told him, "Your rogues' gallery photos were shown to the jewelry clerks. You'd better talk, Drake, or it will go hard with you."



Drake whined, "If it was three months ago, Mister Hardy! I can't remember where I was that afternoon! I might have been working in a lumber yard—I forget."

Which of the three men did I immediately suspect? And why?

## SOLUTION

offender.  
sentenced to twenty years as a second  
jury found Carter guilty, and he was  
on a Saturday three months before? A  
in detail, as he did, what you had done  
too perfect. Could YOU have remembered  
rather than guilt. But Carter's alibi was  
where he had been indicated innocent  
talk at first, and his inability to remember  
story. Drake's nervousness, his refusal to  
upon. A doctor and nurse confirmed his  
exact day his wife had been operated  
Burns would naturally remember the



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FIRST Bicycle

1948  
DELUXE  
MODEL

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Famous New Departure  
Coaster Brake

Full-Protection Air-  
flow Chainguard

Exclusive Built-In  
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Bright Chrome  
Electric Headlight

Bright Chrome  
Park Truss Rads

Tarrington Rust-  
Resistant Steel Spokes

Long-Wearing  
U.S. Royal Chain Tires  
with Airtite Tubes

# WIN ONE OF THESE 1,000 *Columbia* BIKES!

## JUST NAME YOUR BIKE!

**FOLLOW EASY CONTEST RULES.** Pick a name for the bike you hope to win. You might choose the name "Red Racer" or "Road Champ." (Just examples, of course.) It's easy. It's fun. You'll think of many names. First name that pops into your head may win you a genuine Columbia bicycle! 1,000 new 1948 models offered in this sensational prize contest.

## 1,000 CHANCES TO WIN!

**SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES.** Eat lots of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each "Name-Your-Bike" entry. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Feb. 29, 1948. Hurry! Jot down some names right now! Mail an entry today! Now!

## EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST RULES:

1. Name the bike you hope to win. Print the name. Add your own name and complete address. Attach a Wheaties boxtop. Mail to Wheaties, Box No. 1300C, Minneapolis, Minn. 2. Enclose a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. 3. All entries must be postmarked by midnight, Feb. 29, received by March 22, 1948. 4. Entries judged on originality, uniqueness and suitability. Decision of three judges—faculty members of U. of Minn.—final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. 5. Entries become property of General Mills. None will be returned. 6. Contest open to all residents of U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, Inc., Westfield Mfg. Co., and their advertising agencies.

30 days after closing date, complete list of winners' names will be forwarded upon receipt of stamped self-addressed envelope mailed to General Mills, Dept. 480, at 623 Marquette, Minneapolis 2, Minn.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.



**WHEATIES,  
BOX 1300C, MPLS., MINN.**

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for the Columbia bicycle I hope to win is:

BIKE NAME \_\_\_\_\_

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

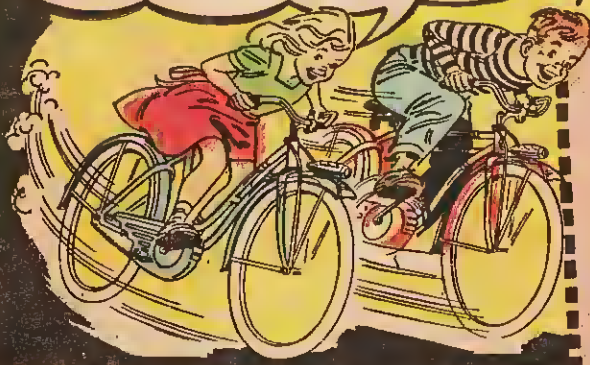
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**IMPORTANT!**  
Check model you want: ☐ BOY'S (Bright Red) ☐ GIRL'S (Teal Blue)

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MAIL TODAY!

PLEASE  
PRINT



When writing to advertisers, please mention JACK ARMSTRONG.



# JACK ARMSTRONG

in The





# JACK ARMSTRONG

in The



I'M AFRAID THIS  
IS THE  
END OF THE  
LINE, ARMSTRONG.

# LAND OF THE LEOPARD MEN

ON A DARING MISSION TO AFRICA TO OBTAIN  
MOTION PICTURES OF A STRANGE TRIBE OF  
LEOPARD MEN, JACK LEARNS THAT THE SODIUM  
MINE—FROM WHICH FRIENDLY NATIVES GET  
THEIR LIFE-GIVING SUPPLY OF SALT—HAS  
MYSTERIOUSLY BEEN ROBBED OF ITS PRECIOUS  
MINERALS. NOW, AS JACK AND HIS FRIENDS  
PENETRATE TO THE FORBIDDEN LAND OF  
THE LEOPARD MEN...

END OF THE  
LINE? WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN,  
SCHROEDER?

THE MEDICINE MAN REFUSES TO SET  
FOOT IN THE LAND OF THE LEOPARD  
MEN...AND THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO!



H.L. LARSEN



# LAND OF THE LEOPARD MEN

ON A DARING MISSION TO AFRICA TO OBTAIN MOTION PICTURES OF A STRANGE TRIBE OF LEOPARD MEN, JACK LEARNS THAT THE SODIUM MINE—FROM WHICH FRIENDLY NATIVES GET THEIR LIFE-GIVING SUPPLY OF SALT—HAS MYSTERIOUSLY BEEN ROBBED OF ITS PRECIOUS MINERALS. NOW, AS JACK AND HIS FRIENDS PENETRATE TO THE FORBIDDEN LAND OF THE LEOPARD MEN...

END OF THE LINE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SCHROEDER?

THE MEDICINE MAN REFUSES TO SET FOOT IN THE LAND OF THE LEOPARD MEN...AND THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO!

H.L. LARSEN





AFTER A HURRIED CONFERENCE WITH UNCLE JIM, JACK ANNOUNCES THAT HE AND BILLY WILL PUSH ON ALONE. AS THE SAFARI STARTS BACK TO THE MILITARY BASE, THE TWO AMERICANS BEGIN THE DIFFICULT JOURNEY UPSTREAM...





GETTING THOSE FILMS  
IS GOING TO BE A  
TOUGH ASSIGNMENT, BILLY.

YOU CAN SAY  
THAT AGAIN!



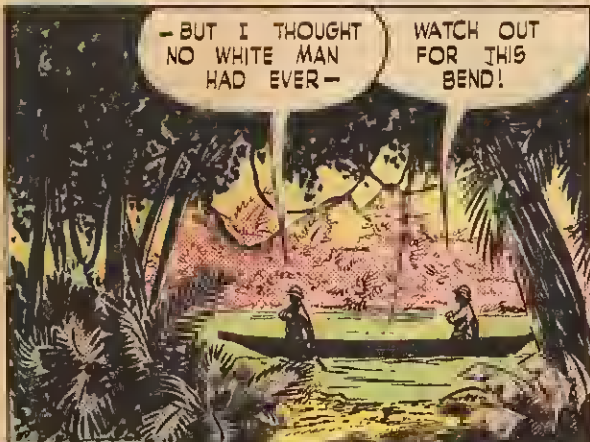
NOTICE THIS  
STREAM HAS  
BEEN WIDENED  
TO PERMIT  
PASSAGE OF CARGO  
CANOES, BUT WHY?

COULD BE  
THE CARGO  
WAS SALT  
STOLEN FROM  
THAT SODIUM  
MINE.



-BUT I THOUGHT  
NO WHITE MAN  
HAD EVER-

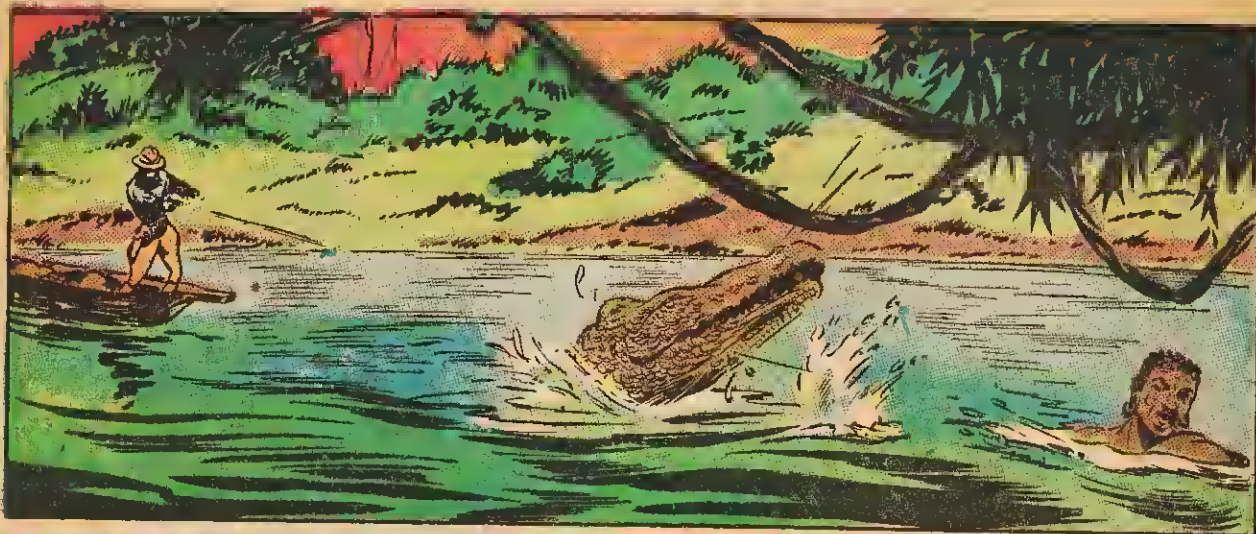
WATCH OUT  
FOR THIS  
BEND!



LOOK, JACK!

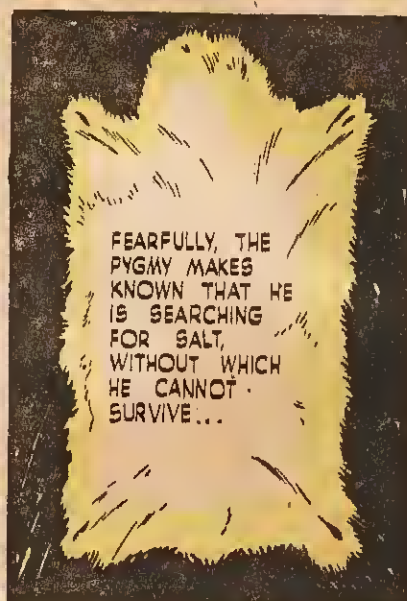






BETTER COME ABOARD,  
SHORTY, BEFORE THAT  
CROC'S RELATIVES  
JOIN THE PARTY!

HANDLE WITH CARE,  
BILLY — WE'VE  
CAUGHT OURSELVES  
A PYGMY!



FEARFULLY, THE  
PYGMY MAKES  
KNOWN THAT HE  
IS SEARCHING  
FOR SALT,  
WITHOUT WHICH  
HE CANNOT  
SURVIVE...



GET THAT? HE  
SAVS WHITE  
MEN STOLE THE  
SODIUM DEPOSIT!

HERE, SHORTY—  
HAVE A PINCH  
FROM OUR  
PORTABLE CUP-  
BOARD.



LET'S ASK HIM TO GUIDE US  
TO THE VILLAGE OF THE  
LEOPARD MEN—

TUI!  
BAD!

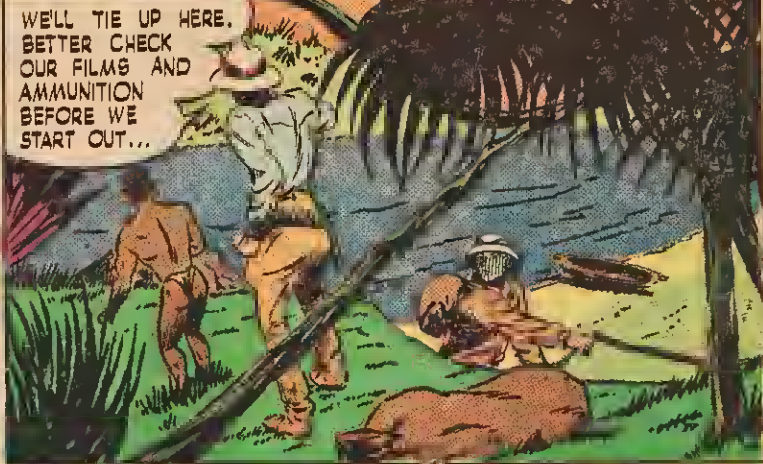


TUI MEANS LEOPARD —  
I DON'T THINK SHORTY  
LIKES THE IDEA!



ONLY THE PROMISE OF MORE PRECIOUS  
SALT FINALLY PERSUADES THE FEARFUL  
PYGMY TO GUIDE THEM TO THE RITUAL  
GROUNDS OF THE FIERCE LEOPARD MEN...

WE'LL TIE UP HERE.  
BETTER CHECK  
OUR FILMS AND  
AMMUNITION  
BEFORE WE  
START OUT...



AN INTERESTING THING  
ABOUT THESE HOLLOW  
TREES — PYGMIES "BURY"  
THEIR DEAD IN THEM.



AT A LARGE CLEARING...

DANCE? IS THAT  
THE BAND I HEAR  
TUNING UP NOW?

HERE LEOPARD  
MAN MAKE  
BIG DANCE!



TOM-TOMS SAY  
LEOPARD MAN  
MAKE BIG DANCE  
TONIGHT! MUST  
GO NOW.

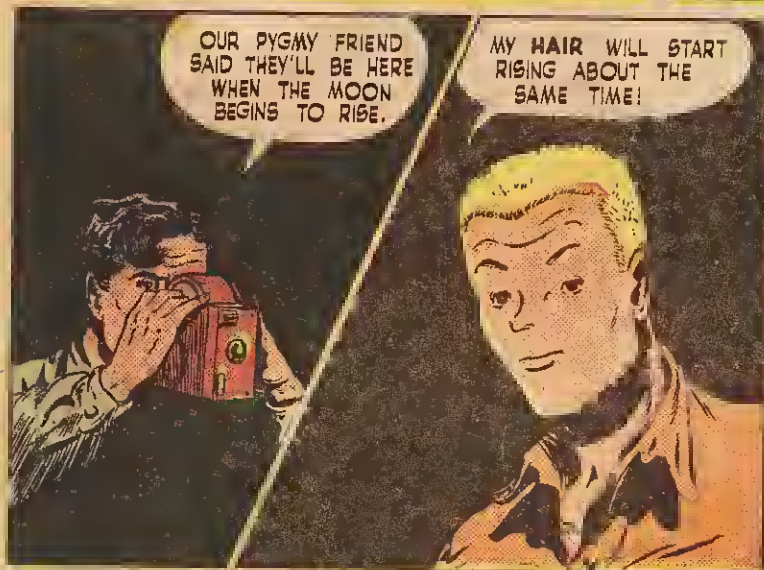
SO LONG, SHORTY—  
AND THANKS FOR  
THE CONDUCTED  
TOUR TO  
TROUBLE!



I'VE GOT IT! THE HOLLOW TREES!  
WE'LL SHOOT OUR FILMS FROM INSIDE!





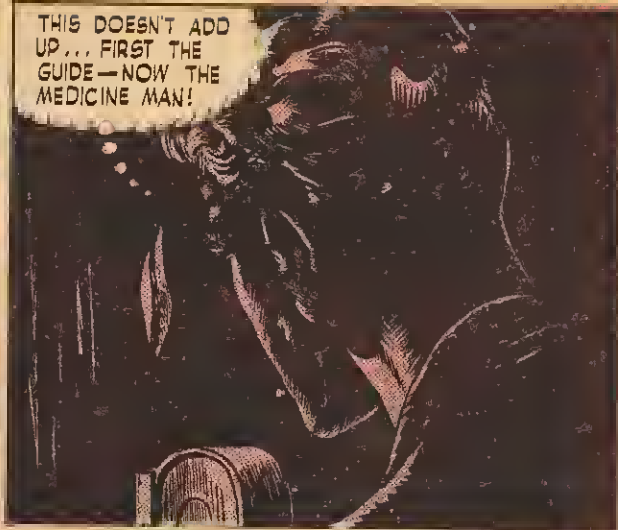




AS THE LEOPARD MEN HURL THEMSELVES INTO THEIR EERIE CEREMONIAL DANCE, JACK IS DUMFOUNDED TO SEE...



THIS DOESN'T ADD UP... FIRST THE GUIDE—NOW THE MEDICINE MAN!



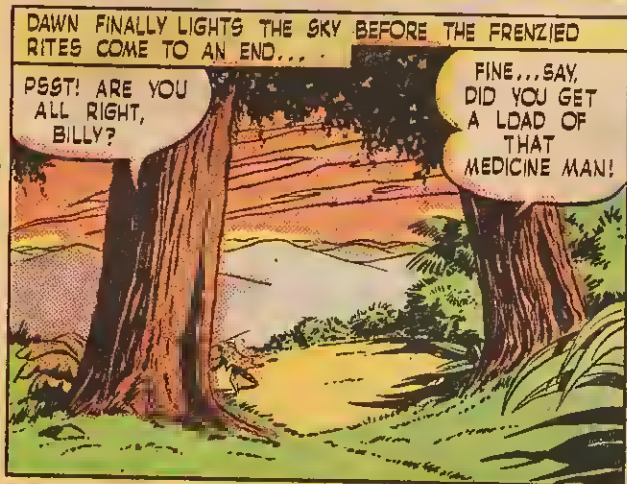
YES...AND I GOT A CAMERA-LOAD OF SWELL FILMS, TOO!



DAWN FINALLY LIGHTS THE SKY BEFORE THE FRENZIED RITES COME TO AN END...

PSST! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BILLY?

FINE...SAY, DID YOU GET A LOAD OF THAT MEDICINE MAN!



JACK, DO YOU THINK THERE'S A TIE-UP BETWEEN THAT MEDICINE MAN AND THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SALT?

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!



MAYBE I CAN SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE.

SCHROEDER!





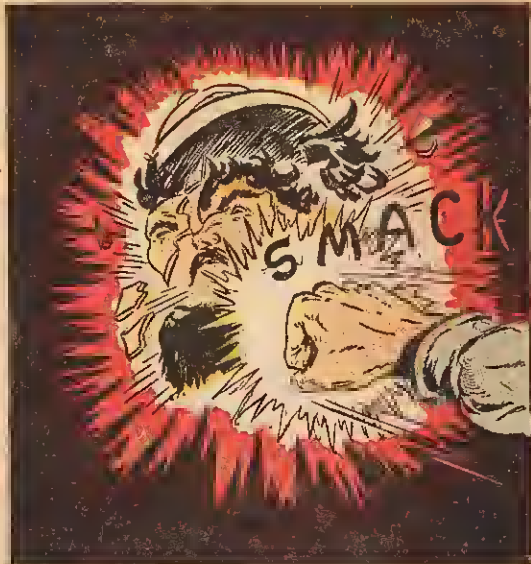








AS SCHROEDER TURNS...



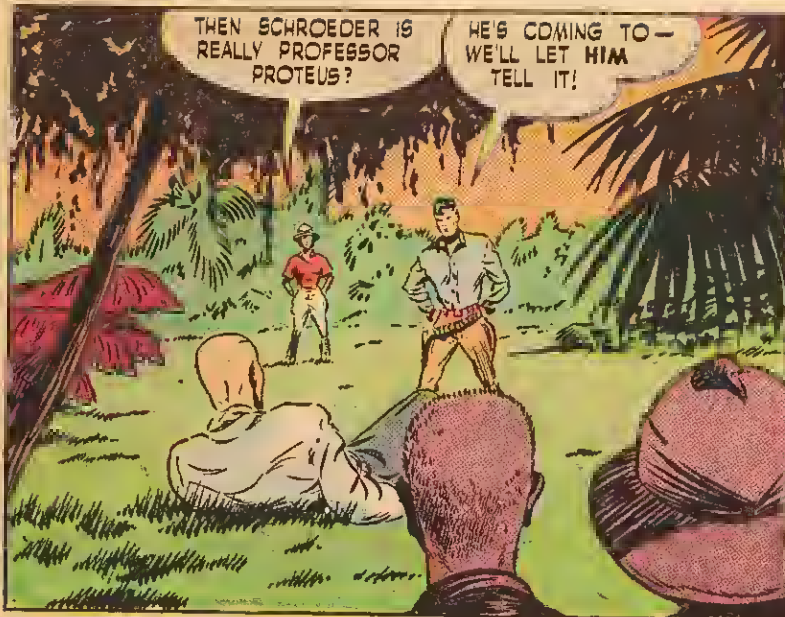
WE WERE AFRAID WE'D BE TOO LATE.



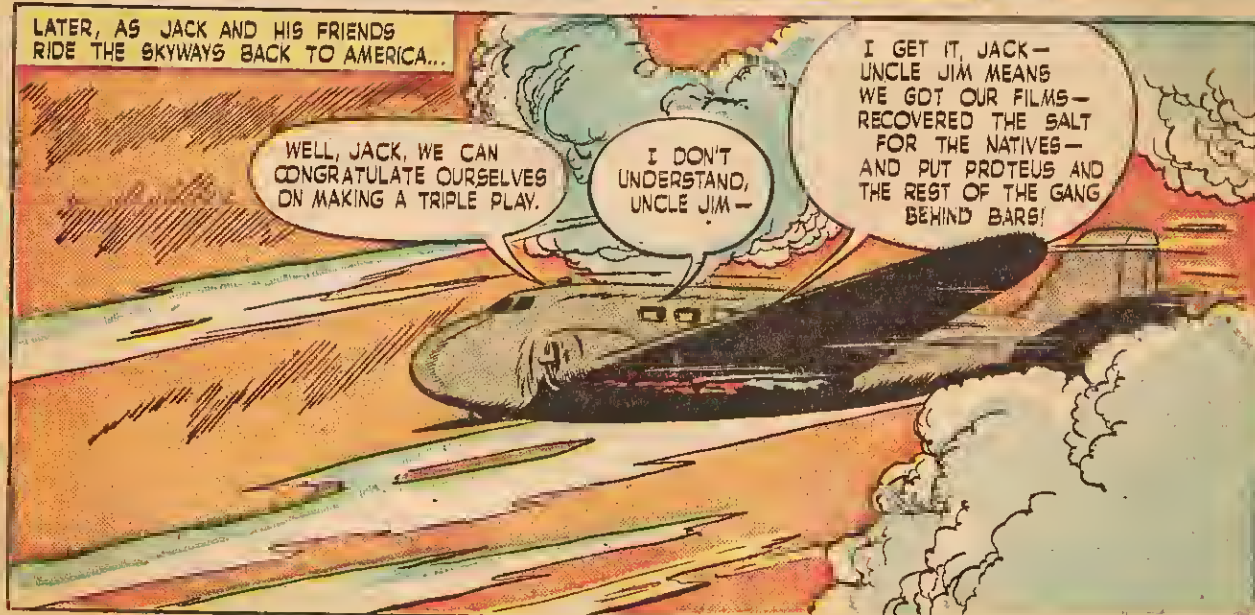
...THE UNVEILING OF PROFESSOR PROTEUS, THE MAN OF A MILLION FACES! TAKE A LOOK.







SULLENLY, PROTEUS CONFESSES THAT HE KILLED AND TOOK THE PLACE OF SCHROEDER, THE GUIDE, WHO HAD BEEN CONSPIRING WITH THE LEOPARD MEN TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE SALT DEPOSIT. SO CLEVER WAS HIS DISGUISE THAT NOT EVEN SCHROEDER'S GANG KNEW THE REAL SCHROEDER WAS DEAD AND THAT PROTEUS WAS TAKING HIS PLACE!





# THE TEAM MATES

By CHARLES SPAIN VERRAL  
Author of "Miracle Quarterback"

**Big Sam couldn't stand a show-off . . . and then along came Frenchy, the flashiest, brassiest hockey player Marlboro High ever had!**



Once, when he sank a long fluky shot from the blue line, he lifted his stick high and gave it a big Gallic kiss.

FOR two straight years, Big Sam Coulter had been captain of the Marlboro High hockey team. He was the top goal-getter, the play-maker, the wizard of the ice lanes. The local paper published pictures of him in action and devoted columns to his brilliant rink work. Even Coach Dodson gave him credit for winning the 1945-46 league championship.

Yes, Big Sam was Marlboro's star, all right and nobody thought of questioning that fact until Frenchy La Pointe came along.

In contrast to Sam's massive blondness, Frenchy was slim and undersized, with a shock of blue-black hair that fell in a fringe over his forehead. He had a fast temper and a faster smile. He was Sam's opposite in almost every way. And from the very moment they met, they clashed.

It happened one blustery afternoon in December shortly after Frenchy had moved to town and entered Marlboro High as a sophomore. Sam was helping Coach Dodson put the squad through the first practice session when Frenchy wandered over. As Sam paused for a moment against the side boards, Frenchy spoke:

"Pardon, but I see you have the hockey team here," he said with a marked French-Canadian accent. "I would ver' much like to play."

Sam regarded the sophomore coldly. "You have to be big and tough and able to skate to make this team," he said brusquely. "You're too small. Try the juniors. You might have a chance there."

Frenchy's dark eyes flashed. "In Canada we play *real* hockey. Not this shinny!" He gestured toward the rink.

Sam's eyebrows lowered. Nobody around Marlboro had ever

spoken to him like that. This little upstart had to be put in his place. "All right, wise guy," he said, purposely making his voice loud enough for Coach Dodson and the whole gang to hear. "If you're so good, get out there and show us how to play."

Frenchy made a little bow. "I t'ank you for the invitation. I go get my skates."

Fifteen minutes later, Frenchy was back in full hockey uniform. And no sooner had he stepped on the ice than Big Sam regretted his challenge. Frenchy could skate like a breeze. Furthermore, he had magic in his stick. At the beginning of practice, Frenchy stole the puck right off Sam's stick and sped through the entire first team to score.

"Lucky," Sam muttered. "Wait'll I put the heat on him. He'll crack!"

But Frenchy didn't crack. Instead, he broke up every attack Sam started. He even stepped into the big right winger with such a perfectly timed hip check that Sam was sent sprawling to the ice. An amused snicker swept the squad as Sam climbed awkwardly to his feet, anger boiling inside him. Through the rest of the workout, Sam tried hard to nail Frenchy. But the little Canadian was always able to slip out of his reach and take the puck with him. By the time the practice game ended, Sam was fit to be tied. Later, in the locker room, it didn't help matters to hear the fellows talking excitedly about Frenchy—and how he'd be the perfect man for left wing.

The newcomer had shown up well in practice, Sam grudgingly admitted to himself. But he was just a flash. He'd never be a first-team player. He'd blow up under

fire in the opening game of the season against River Academy. And that was something Sam couldn't wait to see.

But again Frenchy crossed Sam up. The bright lights of the Marlboro Arena and the packed stands seemed to stimulate him. He was here, there, everywhere, checking like a demon and continually out-guessing the enemy's defense. And through it all he grandstanded unmercifully. He brazenly taunted the River team. He bowed low to the shouting fans after he'd razzle-dazzled a showy goal to tie up the game.

Late in the third period, it was Sam's bullet drive that put Marlboro into the win column. But the roar of applause was cut short by Frenchy's deliberately grabbing the spectators' attention by mixing it up with a River defenseman. After the game everybody was laughing and talking about the antics of the Canadian.

Sam walked home alone, his thoughts bitter. He wasn't envious. He was just sorry that the school had fallen for a lot of cheap dramatics. But it wouldn't last. They'd soon see Frenchy for the phony glory-grabber he really was. And the crowd would be back rooting as it always had for the real Marlboro star—Sam.

But the next game, against Temple, was a repetition of the first. Frenchy was flashier and even more daring. Once, when he sank a long fluky shot from the blue line, he lifted his stick high and gave it a big Gallic kiss.

The spectators ate it up and yipped for more. Oh, sure, they let Sam have a big *Boom-rah!* *Boom-rah!* as his reward for pounding in a goal. But it was nothing as compared with the applause Frenchy got when he took





He even stepped into the big right winger with such a perfectly timed hip check that Sam was sent sprawling to the ice.



a perfect pass and notched the winning counter in the dying minutes of the game. Nobody seemed to notice that the pass had come from Sam.

The next day the paper carried photographs of Frenchy. Under the headline, "MARLBORO'S NEW ACE SHINES," was an account of the game. The write-up was full of what "The Fighting Frenchman" had done. "The Canadian Cannonball" had practically won the tussle single-handed for good old Marlboro. There was scarcely a mention of Sam.

Sam read the account, his face flushed. The school was treating this jerk Frenchy as if he were the Marlboro star. Well, he'd spike the little braggart's guns if it was the last thing he ever did.

There was a way to do it. The real school hero would be the player who won the Scott Cup—the trophy that was awarded annually to Marlboro's top goal-getter. Sam had taken the Cup last year and the year before . . .

From then on, Sam concentrated on scoring. He'd always believed in the passing game, the shifting attack from one forward to another with the puck going to the player in the best position to shoot. More than one of Frenchy's color-splashed goals had been due to Sam's play-making. But all that was over.

In the game against Glenville, Sam played a lone hand—and it worked. Three goals came off his stick. Yet somehow, before the final gong sounded, Frenchy had duplicated his feat. The following week at Stowe, the same thing happened. And Sam began to suspect that Frenchy was wise.

Later in the locker room, Frenchy walked over to Sam. "I hear somethings about this Scott Cup," he said with a grin. "You win eet for two year, eh Sam? An' if you win eet once more you get it for keeps, eh? Well, I am ver' sorree. Maybe I play only good enough for the juniors. But this year I win the Cup. I score more goals. You wait an' see."

The fellows laughed at Frenchy, as they always did. Sam strode off. All his anger, his resentment, turned to cold rage.

And if he had concentrated on goals before, he became doubly determined now. He was blind to Frenchy's flashy dramatics, deaf

to the applause that continually came the Canadian's way. In three straight games he ran up a lead of four goals over Frenchy.

Coach Dodson saw what was happening and did his best to break it up. He called Sam in. He tried to show him that his scoring obsession was wrecking the team . . . that the squad was floundering without a leader. But Sam's mind was fixed rigidly on only one thing, and Coach Dodson's words had no effect.

The race for the Scott Cup became the talk of the school. Through January, through February, Sam doggedly held the lead, fighting harder during every game. Then, finally, there was only one scheduled game left—the return game against Temple High. And suddenly Sam realized that Frenchy had caught up with him—that they each had a total of forty goals.

The Temple game would be the pay-off. Whoever came through as high scorer would win the glittering Scott Cup. Temple was noted for its stonewall defense. Yes, it would be tough for him—and for Frenchy, too.

On the night of the big game, the Temple team played hard defensive hockey, smearing every Marlboro attack before it could get started. Sam tried time and again to break away—to get a clean shot at their goal. But he couldn't shake off the enemy checkers.

Nor was Frenchy having any better luck. All through the first period and well into the second, the Temple forward line had him handcuffed. The huge crowd that jammed the arena began shouting for action, for goals. It did little good. At the end of the second frame, the score was still tied 0-0!

When Sam went out to the rink for the last period, his nerves were on edge. He called on all his hockey knowledge. But the Temple forwards hung on like leeches. Even Frenchy's speed was getting him nowhere. Once, twice, three times, he ripped through the Temple line-up only to have the goalie turn him aside. And Sam breathed easier. If the game had to be won by a goal from Frenchy, he'd rather lose it . . .

The big black hand of the indicator was moving steadily around the dial. Fifteen minutes

of playing time left. Ten minutes. Then five!

A wave of desperation engulfed Sam. He was winded and tired and his legs had a strange trembly feeling. He was almost at the end of his rope. But he couldn't let down now. He *had* to score!

Then the break came. The Temple team, suddenly reversing its strategy, went on the offensive. Three abreast, the enemy forward line streaked up the rink, carrying the disk. Sam, watching the puck carrier, saw him glance guardedly at his left wing.

Sam knew what was coming. Even as the puck left the Temple player's stick in a pass, Sam had flung himself forward. He intercepted the pass and was away in a shower of scraped ice before the enemy knew what had happened. An hysterical roar came from the crowd. With the Temple forwards left stranded in Marlboro territory, there were only the defense and the goalie to beat!

Savage elation surged through Sam. This was his big chance. If he didn't get a goal now, he'd have no other opportunity. He lifted his head and caught a glimpse of Frenchy, who had shaken himself free and was skating like mad down the left boards.

Sam's mouth tightened. Frenchy couldn't expect him to pass. He was trying to chisel in on the play in the hope of banging in the rebound from Sam's shot. Well, he wouldn't get a chance. This drive was going to hit the nets!

Sam put extra speed into his flashing skates. Dead ahead, the two burly Temple defensemen were crowded together, crouched down, waiting. They were concentrating on him, ignoring Frenchy. They knew about the feud and figured they didn't have to worry about a pass.

Sure, it'd be easy to cross them up. Slip back the puck to Frenchy and they'd be caught cold. But hand Frenchy the Scott Cup on a silver platter? Nothing doing!

Last year it was different. Last year Sam had been a team player. Anything for the school. Anything to win. But now he was looking out for Sam Colter.

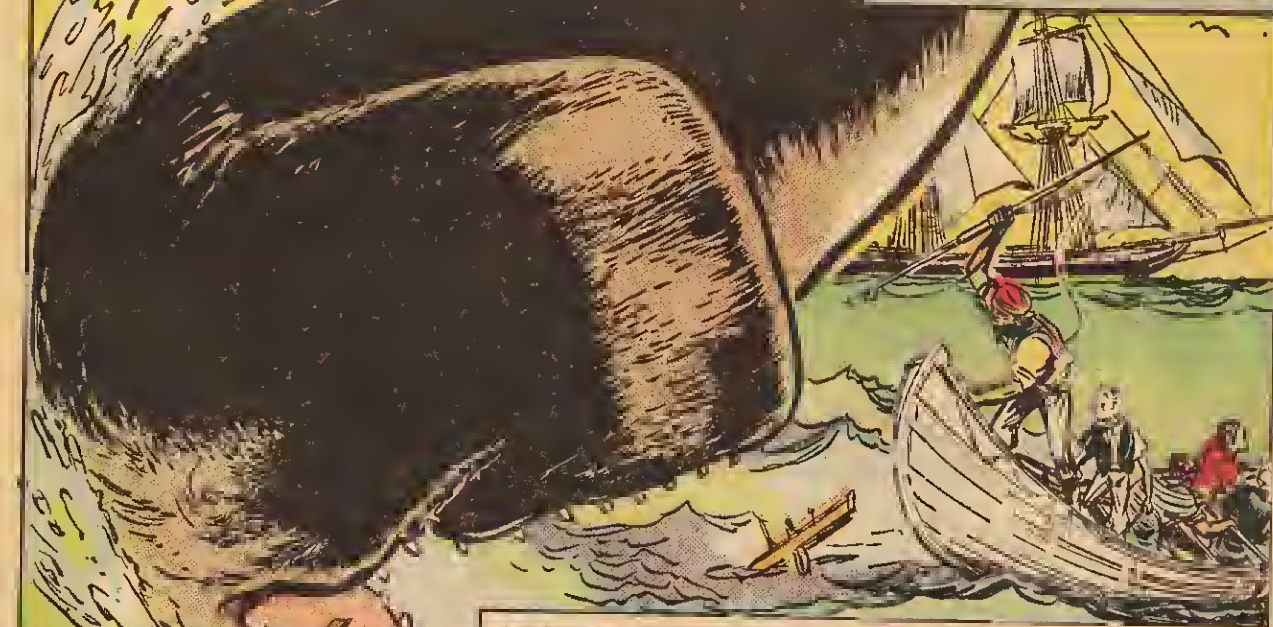
The big Marlboro captain rocketed across the blue line, his face grim. He saw that the defensemen were ready; behind them

(Continued on page 45)



# Old NUBS

WHALERS FEARED 'OLD NUBS' FOR HIS CROOKED MOUTH—AND THE WAY HE'D SMASH A BOAT TO SPLINTERS WITH ONE FLIP OF HIS POWERFUL TAIL! NO HARPOON HAD STAYED FAST FOR LONG IN THIS DEMON OF THE DEEP—BUT ON THIS TRIP, CAPTAIN ANDY HAD LAID CAREFUL PLANS TO BRING IN THE BIG PRIZE...



I'M PUTTING IN AT THE BAHAMAS TO TAKE ABOARD BARBADOS JACK—MY BEST HARPOONER.

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN.





AT THE BAHAMAS...

BARBADOS WE'RE OFF  
TO THE CAPE VERDE WHALING  
GROUNDS AFTER 'OLD NUBS.'

THAT SCOUNDREL  
SLIPPED MY HARPOON  
ONCE BEFORE, CAPTAIN  
ANDY!

THE CAPTAIN'S BOY AND BARBADOS  
JACK BECOME GREAT FRIENDS.

HOW BIG WAS  
'OLD NUBS,'  
BARBADOS?

AS BIG AS  
A SHIP, MY  
LAD!

HOW DID HE GET  
AWAY FROM YOU,  
BARBADOS?

WELL, NOW, I'LL TELL  
YE, LAD. IT'S SELDOM A  
WHALE GETS AWAY ONCE  
I HOOK MY HARPOON FAST  
IN HIS RIND. BUT—I KINDA  
LIKE 'OLD NUBS'!

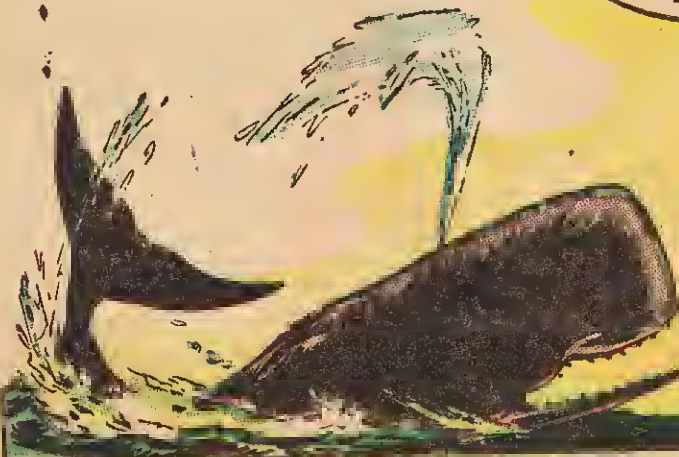
WE'RE NEARING THE GREAT WHALE  
GROUNDS. KEEP A WEATHER EYE OPEN  
FOR SPOUTS. AND I'LL GIVE TEN POUNDS  
OF TOBACCO TO THE MAN WHO  
HARPOONS 'OLD NUBS.'

THE CAPTAIN'S BOY WAS THE FIRST TO RAISE A SPOUT.

B7L-O-W!  
SPERM WHALE SPOUT  
ON THE STARB'RD  
BOW!

IT'S  
'NUBS'!

LOWER  
AWAY THE  
BOATS!





BUT BEFORE BARBADOS COULD HURL HIS HARPOON, THE GREAT WHALE DIVED.



KEEP WATCH, BARBADOS - THE OLD ROGUE WILL BE BACK.

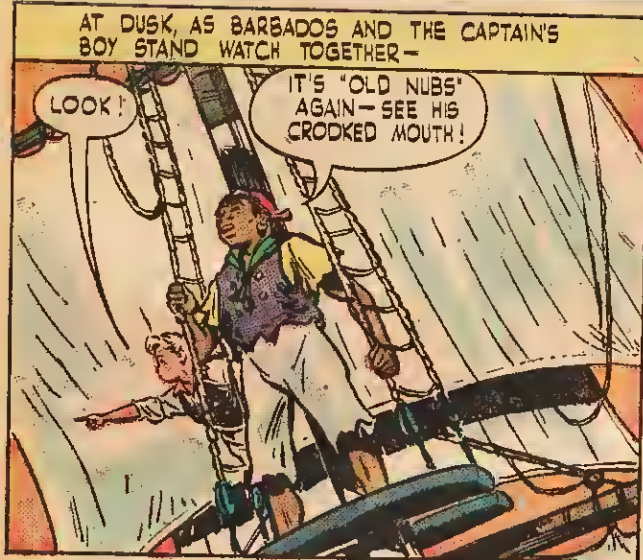
AYE, AYE, SIR!



AT DUSK, AS BARBADOS AND THE CAPTAIN'S BOY STAND WATCH TOGETHER -

LOOK!

IT'S "OLD NUBS" AGAIN - SEE HIS CROOKED MOUTH!

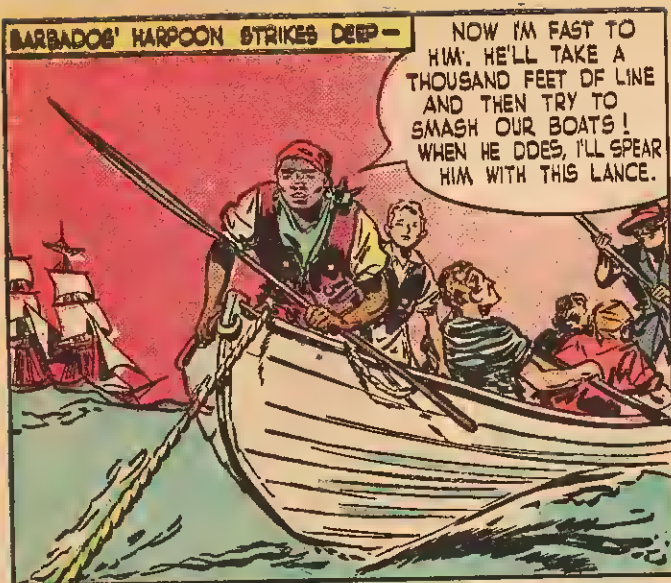


ALL HANDS! LOWER AWAY THE BOATS! FIFTY POUNDS OF TOBACCO, BARBADOS, IF YOU TAKE "NUBS" THIS TIME!





**BARBADOS' HARPOON STRIKES DEEP—**



NOW I'M FAST TO HIM. HE'LL TAKE A THOUSAND FEET OF LINE AND THEN TRY TO SMASH OUR BOATS! WHEN HE DOES, I'LL SPEAR HIM WITH THIS LANCE.



BACK-WATER AS QUICK AS YOU CAN! HE'S COMING BACK!



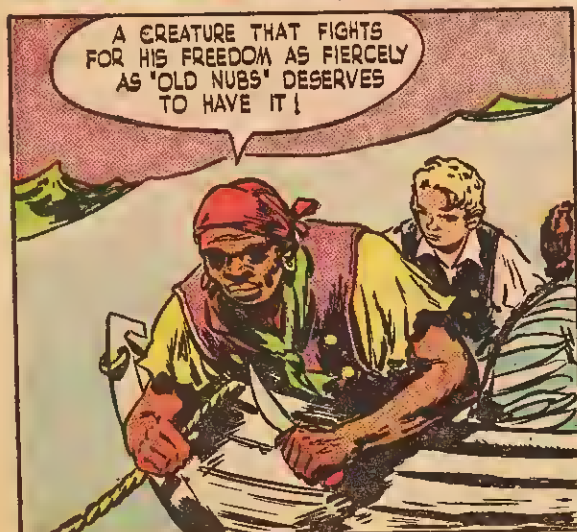
HE'S LOBTAILING! HE'S A FIGHTER, THAT ONE!

AND LOOK! HE LOST THE HARPOON!



WHY DIDN'T YOU SPEAR HIM, BARBADOS?

I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART, LAD—



A CREATURE THAT FIGHTS FOR HIS FREEDOM AS FIERCELY AS 'OLD NUBS' DESERVES TO HAVE IT!



LATER—

I SHOULD BLAST YE FOR A SENTIMENTAL IDIOT BARBADOS— BUT OURNED IF I DON'T LIKE 'OLD NUBS' MYSELF!



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ROGER, I...I'M  
A BIT NERVOUS.  
I CAN'T SKI LIKE  
MISS FAIRFIELD AND  
MISS ANDERSEN,  
YOU KNOW.

NONSENSE,  
DEAR, YOU'RE  
SURROUNDED  
BY EXPERTS!



YOU'RE A  
SYMPHONY ON  
SNOW, KATE.  
HOW DO YOU  
DO IT?

SIMPLE...IT'S MY  
NATURAL ELEMENT.  
I'M SO SKI-MAD,  
I EVEN LOVE  
STORM MOUNTAIN!  
READY, EVERYBODY!



WHAT A  
RIDE!

OH, ROGER,  
I'M F-F-FLYING!

WHEN THE HICKORIES  
STOP FLASHING...

NO HITS, NO  
ERRORS! JUST ONE  
LONG, TERRIFIC RUN.  
HOW ABOUT A  
REPEAT, EVERYBODY?

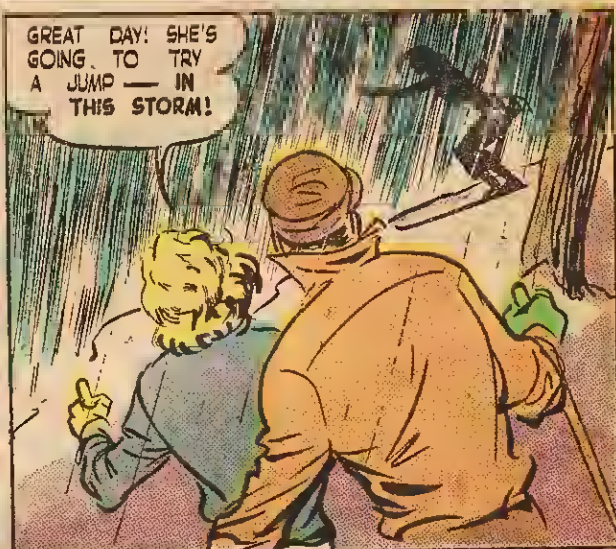
SORRY, MR. WEST,  
BUT STORM MOUNTAIN  
SAYS 'NO'. LOOK!

IT NEVER SNOWS HERE —  
IT BLIZZARDS! FOLLOW  
MY SKI TRACKS. THIS  
TERRAIN'S TRICKY.—

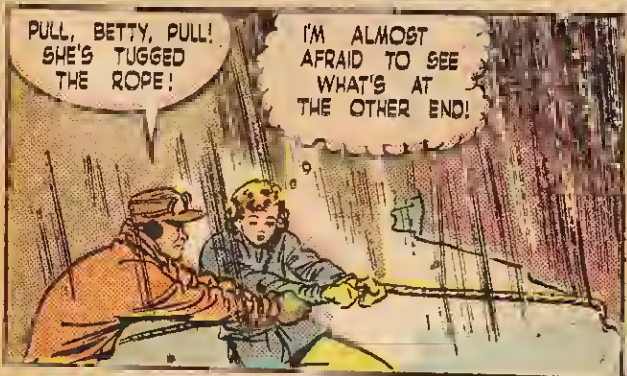
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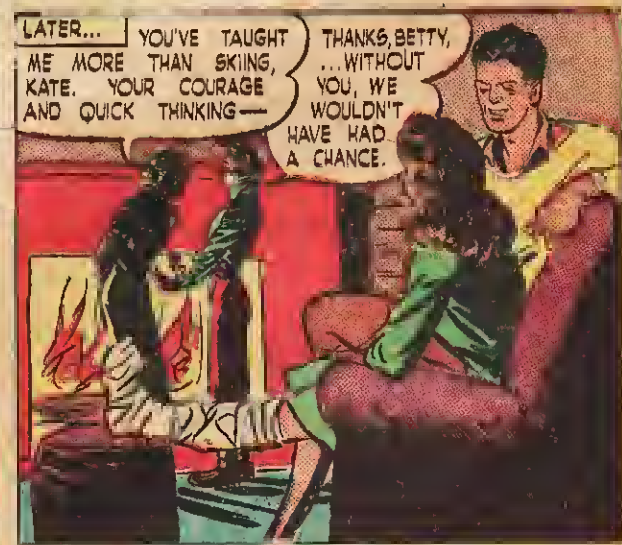
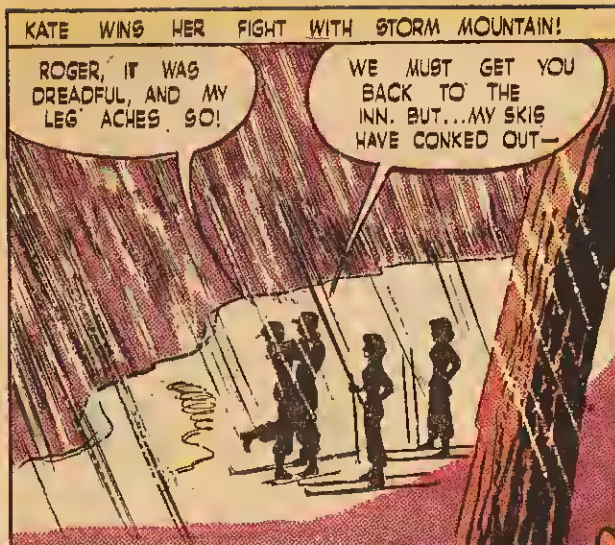
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## THE TEAM MATES

(Continued from page 34)

was the goalie, his eyes riveted on Sam and Sam alone. The shot would have to be good.

But what if he failed? What if he fluffed the drive?

In that fleeting second, time seemed to stand still. Frenchy was in position to score. Frenchy, the braggart, the show-off, the guy he'd been determined to beat. But Frenchy wore the Marlboro white and maroon. And one goal would win the game no matter who sank it.

Agony was on Sam's face as he tensed his wrists and pulled back his stick. Now it had to be. Now was the time for his shot.

But he didn't shoot. With a lightning shift, he drilled the puck across the ice to Frenchy!

Sam caught the look of utter confusion on the faces of the Temple defensemen as they frantically tried to cover Frenchy. But it was nothing as compared with the amazement of the Canadian. Pure instinct forced him to take the puck neatly on his stick. But he seemed stunned, unable to react to the opportunity there before him.

"Shoot!" Sam yelled. "Shoot!"

Frenchy's momentary hesitation was giving the Temple goalie and the defense time to meet the new threat. Then Frenchy came to life. His gauntleted hands tightened on his stick. But instead of shooting, he careened straight for the defensemen.

Sam gasped. The fool! He was

going to try to score from close in! He'd never make it. Both defensemen were already charging him. They'd cut him down.

But when Frenchy was barely a yard from the Temple rear guards, he suddenly dug in his skates. He stopped cold. His body bent. The puck left his stick. Sam's breath caught. The disc wasn't going in the direction of the goal! It was flying back to Sam where he stood forgotten, with the open net before him.

Frenchy had neatly sucked the defense out of position, had pulled the razzledazzle, the old double pass play!

The puck slapped against Sam's blade. He took one short step, lowered his shoulder, and let her go. The rubber sizzled past the dazed goalie. It hit the netting and fell to the ice deep inside the goal. The red light flashed, and a second later the gong sounded. The game was over and won.

Sam turned and skated mechanically back toward center ice. The fans were tearing the arena apart. Newspapers and hats floated down on the rink. The Marlboro players surged around Sam, slapping him on the back and yelling. But Sam scarcely heard them. He had given Frenchy his big chance and, instead of taking it, the little Canadian had handed it right back to him. Sam had won the Scott Cup, as he had said he would. Only now, somehow it didn't seem to matter.

Frenchy was in the locker room talking to Coach Dodson when Sam got there. Sam went up to

him. He held out his hand. "Thanks, Frenchy," he said.

The Canadian grinned. "No! No! I t'ank you, Sam. When you make me the pass, I t'ink to myself, 'This Sam, he sore at me. Still he hand me the puck.' I say to myself, 'Frenchy, you are the heel. This fella Sam he know more about the real game of hockey than you do.' Then I see those Temple fellas. They t'ink I going to shoot. They leave you exposed. 'Ho! Ho! I say. 'This is your chance, Frenchy!' Then I pass to you."

"But the Cup?" Sam said. "You gave me the Scott Cup!"

Frenchy shrugged. "You give me more. I am the Canadian. You the American. But that not matter. We learn to play together. We play as the team, for the school—not for ourselves."

Coach Dodson looked from one to the other. "I think you fellows learned something tonight," he said quietly, "Something that the whole world should learn."

Frenchy glanced up, his face brightening. "By Joe, yes!" he exclaimed. You mean the United Nations, eet is like the hockey squad. Only the Russians, the English, the Americans, they each want to be the beeg star. Maybe soon they learn teamwork. Then there be no more fighting. No more war. That would be good, eh?"

Coach Dodson put his arms around the boys' shoulders. "It would be more than good, Frenchy," he said with deep feeling. "It would be perfect."

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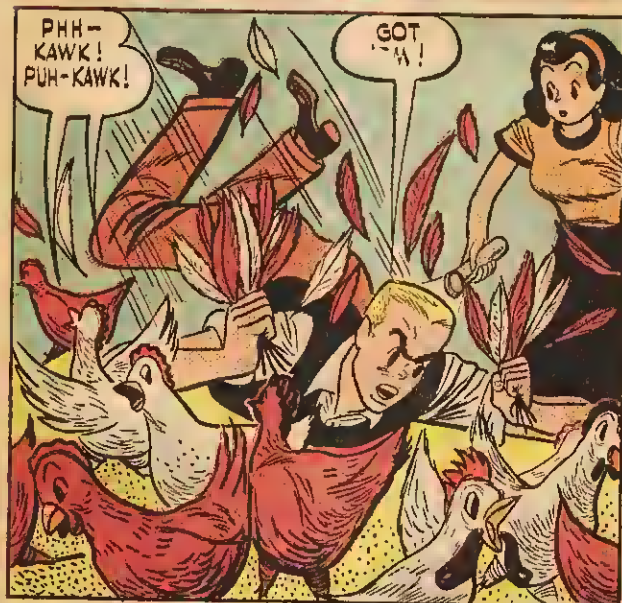
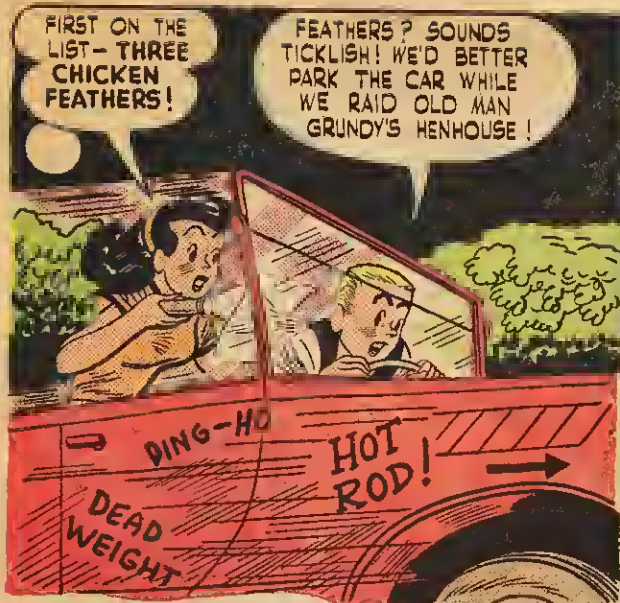


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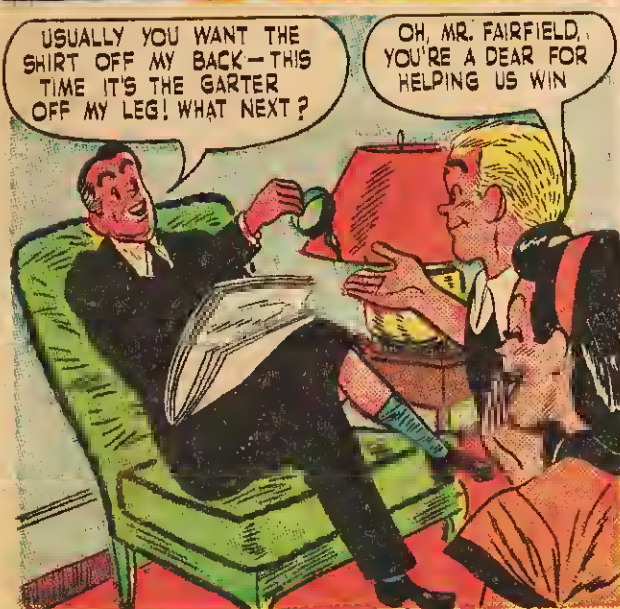
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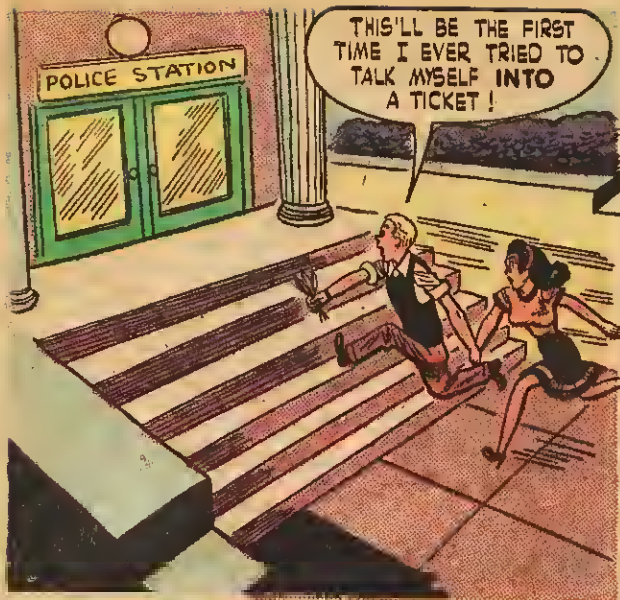




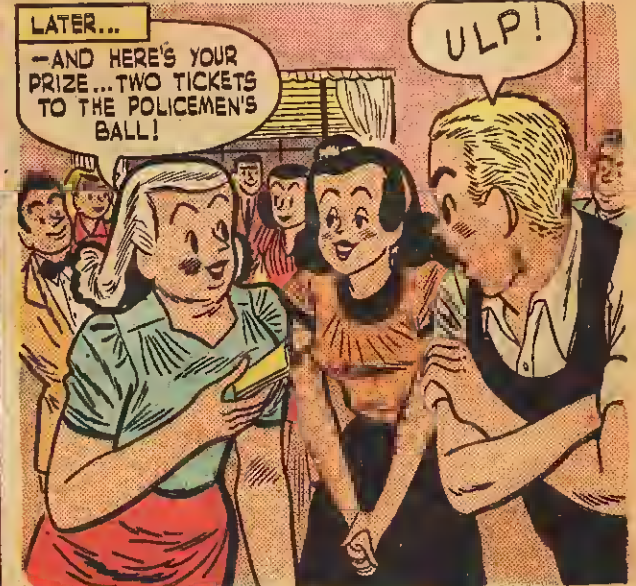
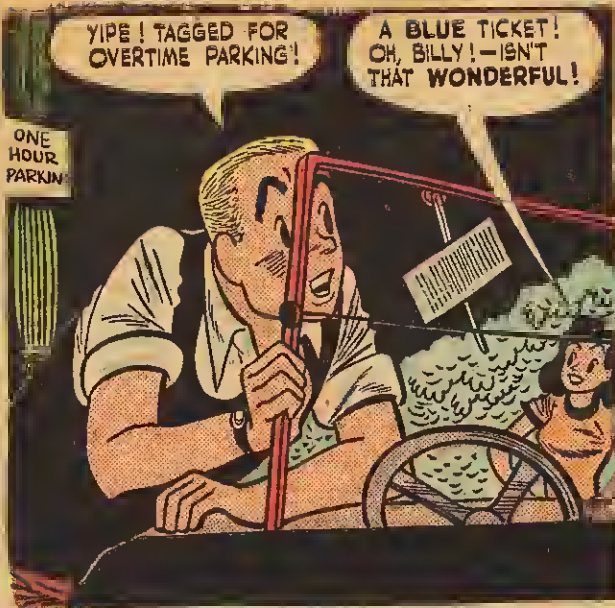














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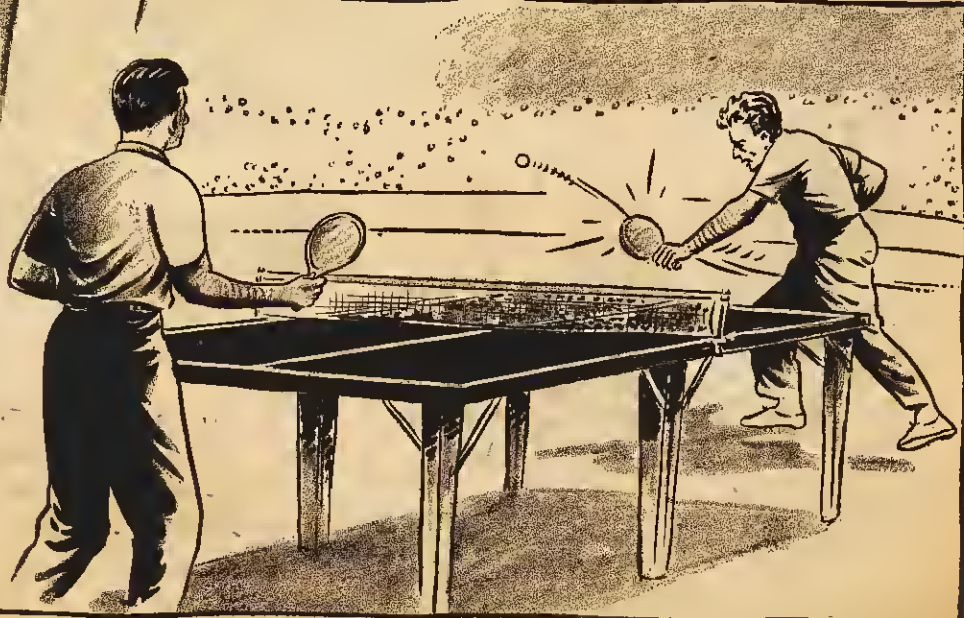


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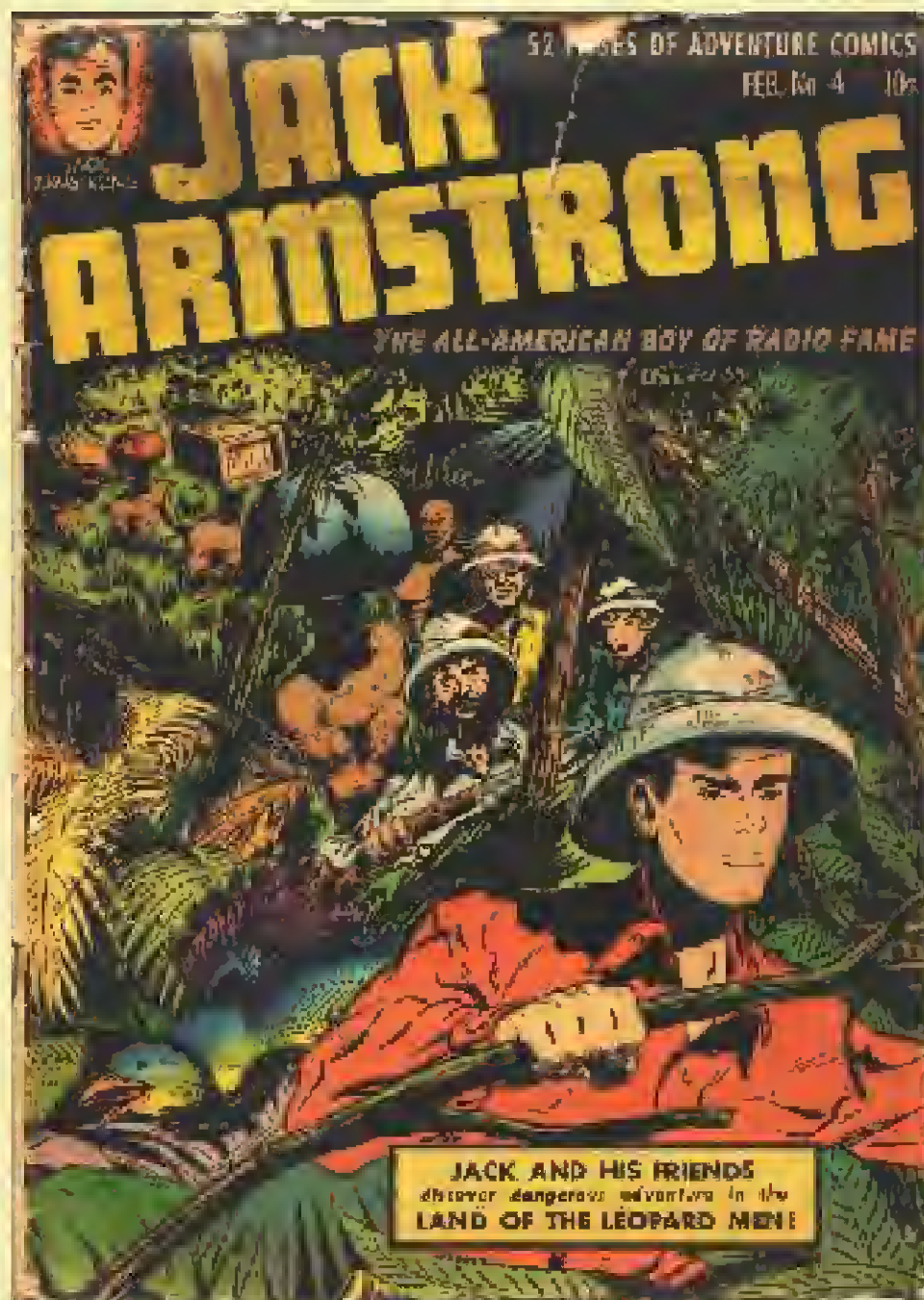
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